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SLANDER AND ITS VICTIMS;

WITH SKETCHES ON

DEATH, THE RESURRECTION,

AND

THE JUDGMENT.

BY S. A. W. OF VIRGINIA.

BALTIMORE:

1859.

P R E F A C E.

I WILL here say to my readers I have been induced to write a small work on slander. This is my first attempt towards literature, my mind has been seriously impressed with the subject for a long while, but feeling myself so inadequate to the task I have deferred it sometime, and finally the words of the New Testament came into my mind, where the Lord of the vinyard was speaking to the servants, and asked them what they had done with their talents? And the servants who had improved theirs had more giving them, but those who had hidden theirs in the earth had taken away from them what they had, and giving to the others ; and the Lord said, " well done thou good and faithful servants, thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee a ruler over many ; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." These words so impressed themselves on my mind that I came to the conclusion not to bury the talents I had, for fear ^{it} might be taken and given to another, and with these impressions I have made the feeble attempt, and I hope my readers will not criticise my work too closely, for if they do, they may detect many errors for which I hope they will excuse me.

This book was written under very embarrassing circumstances, and under feelings of great excitement ; having a school to attend to at the time, and many other duties to attend to which were incumbent on me ; my health was also very feeble. I do not tell this to excuse myself altogether, but I hope

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I shall receive a small share of forgiveness for the many errors I may have made.

Slander is a very broad field, and a subject that may have been written on by some very competent persons, who may have done the subject justice. But I have never seen a line or word written on this subject during my life, and became impressed to write from the fact of hearing persons slandering each other, who pretended to be christians, which I think is among the greatest sins a man or woman can be guilty of doing. Those that were connected with the church of God and filling places that were intended for christians, and I know to my certain knowledge they were acting the hypocrite to the world.

The bible has taught us to judge not from appearances, for God knoweth the heart ; he has also said, by their fruits ye shall know them, we cannot gather figs from thistles, and though we may not feel disposed to judge, yet the most ignorant person would never go to a bush of thistles to gather figs. That is a beautiful comparison, and one we should not forget, and I do hope that all persons who are wearing the mask of hypocrisy will remember that when they come down to the river that Christian crossed ; then their cloaks will fall in the water. Oh, what a picture ; just think for one moment what they have been doing. They will get over the river, but will the bright band meet their gaze, and will angels help them up the hill, and put the robe of righteousness on them, and place a glittering crown on their heads, and give them a harp to sing His praises forever ? No, no, I think they will take a different road from the one Christian took : they thta have been sowing the black seeds of slander, and trying to crush their fellow-beings, will in a future world regret their wickedness.

I know there are but few that have escaped the still voice and whisper of slander. It does not come like a tornado at all times, but commences with a gentle soft breath, but after awhile what do we hear? A perfect hurricane is bursting forth with all its power; then comes the aching head and troubled heart. People are not aware of the nature of slander, they scarcely think of the whirlpool that attends those ridiculous stories which we often hear slowly floating through the world, but after it becomes a tornado, then we often hear them regret telling the dismal story.

Some of my readers may remember the story of the crow, one person said that another person had vomited something as black as a crow, another said two crows, the third person said he had really vomited three black crows, and after all it was only something a little dark, nothing even in the shape of a crow. Now ^{we} do not see how things may be exaggerated, even if there is a slight cause for a remark.

We all admit that there are persons who act imprudently, but at the same time these persons do not deserve the many reproachful words that are said against them. If people would examine their own hearts and remember the words of the Saviour when he said, "he that is without sin, let him cast the first stone." I think there would be many persons rapidly leaving the place as fast as they did. In those days they wanted some severe punishment inflicted on the woman that they had brought to our blessed Lord.

If the Almighty was to decide the difficulties in this world what different decisions would often be brought about. You that are covering up by a cloak of religion and wearing the mask of hypocrisy, you will at a future day be exposed; you that

have silently and insiduously slid through the world on flowery beds of ease and splendor, you that have planted the thorn of misery in the side of your fellow-man ; you that are seeking daily your prey as a ferocious beast, you will repent your wickedness at a future day, for all persons that slander are as I have described them all through this book. I will not retract from one word that I have written, I only wish to imprint the language on their hearts more indelibly by pointing out the disasters that often follow slander. My ideas are to comfort and to buoy up those that know themselves innocent ; if they are guilty then their own conscience is the best judge.

I do not call anything slander but falsehood, I have tried to give the many cases for falsehood, and have tried to excuse rehearsing what another said, but the best plan for all and every person is to attend strictly to their own conduct and business, and they would have much less time to gossip over the business of others. I expect criticism from my superiors, but they will hardly possess the mind of a Patrick Henry, or they would not stop to criticise one who has already told them she is an inferior, and has begged their forgiveness for her presumption in attempting to write, knowing her incompetency to the task, but hoping a word might fall from her pen would do some one good, she has subjected herself to the slander of many, of which she has accumulated reason enough to cast aside as nothing and even less, it is as chaff before the wind. And I will say further, that if my work meets with severe criticism I shall only believe it merits notice, as I have told you, persons that are much talked about possess some merit, as we only hear distinguished characters spoken of. A person thinking themselves inferior is to many a piercing thorn. The

object that is inferior is the slanderer, and persons possessing but a small share of brain, the slanderer is always deficient in intellect, they would not be a Webster neither will their brain ever weigh as much as fifteen pounds. I have often thought when I have heard persons slandering each other, that they were what is turned a soft shell egg, the hardness was not there, and consequently they must be excused under existing circumstances. If people are destitute of brains we should excuse them.

The Almighty has created his creatures differently, some have minds as brilliant as the brightest stars of heaven, while others are sunk into a night of chaos all their lives, and although every one who they know are their superiors, they seldom think less of them unless it is for slander.

There is not a day that passes over my head that I do not hear slander, and my heart is pained at the wickedness of the world, it is far surpassing the days before the deluge. They were very wicked then, and God destroyed them for their sins, and if He was to punish us now, what might we not expect. Pharoah would not let the children of Israel go, God sent scourge after scourge, and at last he destroyed them all in the Red Sea. I have no sympathy for the slanderer; I could cover them with forgiveness if they deserved it, but I have none for one who is going up and down the world, with their black flag hoisted, pursuing their brothers and sisters, and their cry is heard, war, war with all nations; we do not believe in living in a country of peace and ease, we want excitement, we want to fight, and we will get up some base falsehood and put it in circulation; then the battle is commenced; and often do we see innocent persons conquered by the black flag. They use many arts, their craft is astonishing us at many times, thus persons are compell-

ed to yield unless the hand of Jehovah is extended to assist them. I once read of a ship, ^{which} had at her mast-head the black flag floating in the breeze, she was chasing an American ship, one ^{which} waved the glorious stars and stripes at her mast-head. The American vessel was sailing smoothly along over the briny deep with all possible speed, fearing nothing. All at once the captain spied a black flag coming on them, he was very much frightened at it for a few moments, but on a second thought he changed his course. There were many passengers on board, and they were very much alarmed, they all came on deck, and stood and looked at the black and grim monster, and with shivering limbs and throbbing hearts they began to give way. She was coming on them so rapidly the captain changed his course several times, but all seemed to avail nothing. The black flag was fast gaining, and the captain gave up for lost, he expected in a short time to be captured, and all his crew to suffer with him. Each one was meditating upon the death which appeared so near, no alternative at hand but death.

The captain fell on his knees and asked the crew to join him in prayer, and seeing death staring them in the face they fell down with him, and no doubt but they prayed not only with their lips but with all their heart, and they all asked God to save them from the black and blood-thirsty pirates; and while they were on their knees a cloud overshadowed the heavens, and a thick fog arose and the black demons lost sight of their prey. We see by this what the power of God is if we trust in him. The slanderer is the pirate, he or she waves the black flag of falsehood over the free and unsuspecting sons and daughters of truth. You that are thus pursued fall on your knees and ask God to defend you from their impious grasp, and he will answer your prayer,

and the bright and glittering flag of innocence will float over and protect you. If persons would have presence of mind it would be much better for them. The captain of that ship acted right, if it had been many persons they no doubt would have halted and made war, but his crew might have suffered very keenly, although he might have conquered. When you are slandered use the same weapon, trust in the mercy of God to subdue your enemies. And I sincerely hope and pray that this little volume may be the means of preventing gossiping with each other.

Some months ago I was visiting a house on business, and while there, three or four young ladies were talking together, and one or two became very much excited, they were all reproaching each other for slander and one told the other what she had heard she said against her, and thus they went on until they had rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, for they were quite angry. Oh! what a degrading course of conduct for young ladies to be guilty of. There is nothing more destructive to your happiness in this world and in the world which is to come than telling everything which comes under your notice.

Would to heaven I could use the pen of a Homer in this case. It is said the genius of Homer was strong and rapid, to a great extent of knowledge he added equal purity and elegance of taste, his notions of character were just, vivid, distinguishing, so that is said of another ancient writer his description is vision, Ossian the Scottish bard resembled if not excelled him in strength and boldness of imagination; while Virgil is compared to the meanders of a magnificent river through a rich and fruitful land; Homer is compared to a stroke of lightening which in a moment, dazzles, astonishes and is past, indeed strength and courage are the

favorite virtues of Homer, under whose burning pen they often degenerate into cruelty, barbarity and revenge. I fear not all the power of these men had they lived would have quelled the slanderer. They might by their most brilliant imagination depicted the slanderer in such colors as to have frightened them from their post; and if we can accomplish good we need not care how we do it; although persons ever try to use good logic in everything first, then if we cannot succeed it is our duty to resort to other means, though some times it may be repulsive to our feelings, for the language I have used in many places has almost made the blood chill in my veins, but I am conscious that it is best, for there is no language too strong if it can accomplish good. And although I have not the eloquence of a Homer, nor a Scottish bard, nor a Virgil, yet the Psalmist has said, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

The slanderer is like the Chameleon, it destroys its prey, by a dart of his tongue, but I hope some able hand may conquer and cause the gigantic monster to give up its prey, and christianize and civilize the world.

I have excused myself for making the attempt, and perhaps I shall meet with the forgiveness of considerate minds, and you are aware of my feelings towards others. I never place any stress on the opinions of such persons, that I have told you were not competent of judging good from bad, such persons are to be pitied not blamed for their deficiency in intellect.

I respectfully dedicate this book to the Ladies of the United States, but more particularly to those living in Maryland and Virginia.

SLANDER AND ITS VICTIMS.

SLANDER is something that every person on earth should try and subdue; it is one of the most dangerous evils that ever invaded the human breast. It has murdered more victims than a Cæsar, a Bonaparte, or an Alexander, or any hero of ancient or modern times. Not all minds can withstand this mighty tyrant of earth. As soon as some persons find they are slandered, they think, well, my reputation is lost; I may as well be guilty, since I am accused. Thus there are hundreds and thousands of persons who fall into all kinds of dissipation, and are hurried on to speedy destruction, from the very fact of having their reputation impeached; they have not the power of stemming the mighty current that is bearing them down. Again we find others of high and noble minds, who bid the mighty monster defiance with all its furious rage. They are buoyed above its fatal disasters, and in the course of time outride the storm, and make a safe harbour. But they are few, who are thus courageous. We find more who wither and fall at the touch of slander, and are forever lost. You may not by slander actually kill the individual as speedily as if you would plunge a dagger to his heart, or take a pistol and shatter his limbs; it has a long and gradual process. The person that is laboring under its poisonous influence is dying by inches. Like a secret disease preying upon the vitals, gnawing at the very fountain of life. It is worse than murder in the first degree.

There is a celebrated writer who says "if you

steal my purse you take trash, but if you deprive me of my good name, you take from me that which does not enrich you ; but makes me poor indeed." How many when they are slandering their neighbors and acquaintances, think for a moment, what they are doing. There are many persons whom we would not suspect, who handle this awful weapon with all the coolness imaginable. They go, like Samson, with the jaw-bone of an ass, slaying by scores, and many who pretend to be christians and make loud professions, are guilty of this sin. Heaven deliver us from such hypocrites! for it is only making a mockery of religion and all its votaries, to even tolerate such persons as christians. That God himself will never recognize them, they may rest assured.

There are many whom we little suspect, who think they are almost doing God's service, when they rehearse a scandalous and ridiculous report about others ; but they would think it a great sin to blow out the brains of a fellow-creature, with a pistol or use a knife in severing the head from the body. Do such persons know they are doing worse than that? Yes, they are treating their victims much worse than instant death. They are, by their slandering tongues, perpetrating the blackest and most ridiculous falsehoods as black as the very regions of the damned. Such things roll in silvery strains from those wicked creatures, while they have on the cloak of the lady or gentleman ; and often their fabrications are credited from their appearances. Such persons appear quite elated at having something new to tell about their friends : but great God, do those persons know that their slanderous tattlings do not only shatter brains and sever limbs, but they are using a much worse weapon than the midnight assassin. They are breaking

the friendship of the dearest friends, and severing the strongest ties that earth has bound. Friends, who have been fondly attached and linked in cords of the strongest friendship for years, and but for a gossiping rabble would have ever retained the same untarnished love; is this not murder in the first degree? yes! I think my readers will accede to what I am saying, is it not worse than death,—it is like a slow poison, which they are pouring down the throats of their victims; indeed it is by far worse.

The downfall of the victims of slander is gradual but sure. Some, perhaps cannot realize how this can be possible. Truly the victims of slander are to be greatly pitied. Generally they are ignorant of the cause of slights or frowns which they know have been cast upon them. Feeling a consciousness of having wronged no one, they do not pay much attention to such treatment at first, but after awhile they begin to apprehend the reason why they were thus treated; and, after some little inquiry, the poor sufferers find out the cause; it is slander. Such and such a one said this, and that; and Mr. and Mrs. so and so said they did not know what to think of certain persons. After awhile the person finds out that slander has really done them more harm than they could have believed. When they meet their friends on some occasions, they are greeted with a formal reception. The eye that once beamed with a sparkling glance, now looks languid and dull; the smile that was once on their lips is lost in a cool frown; the hand that gave the pressure of welcome, now dwindles into a bare touch of the fingers. What has wrought this mighty change? Why it is slander! the same old story that has caused all such trouble.

Are such persons not to be dreaded? yes, as much as the ravenous wolf or tiger. They are trying to

bring down on an equality with themselves all persons whom they suppose are above them. They know of no other way of doing the deed, but by telling some base falsehood concerning the person on whom they have looked as a superior.

Envy has also much to do with this mighty monster. How many persons are there in the world, that it really pains them to hear of their acquaintances, highly praised. It implants a hatred in their hearts, and for no cause whatever than that they have taken an antipathy to some poor, innocent, unthinking one. Many persons never know why such and such treated them coolly, when the cause was in truth, that some one had spoken in more exalted terms of their friends, than they had ever heard themselves spoken of, and by persons that they did not believe could have thought so highly of their friends. Is this not the way the world goes? Yes, if my readers will let justice speak, they will admit that I am right.

Envy has a powerful influence over the ambitious and tyrannizing part of the world; they have a desire to usurp all power, and want to keep in subjection all persons who they suppose to be their inferiors. When the all-wise hand of Jehovah comes to make up his jewels how many of those poor, weak-minded, envious creatures will he have in his casket? I think that there will be few, and but a very few, if the Bible be true, and which it is. Such no doubt, are a part of the number that will have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone; for if any sin should be punished to that degree, it is the sin that would deprive an innocent woman or man of their character, and thrust them on a cold unfeeling world; for after they loose that gem, for it is the most pearly which any one can possess, they may cry for mercy but no one

heeds them. They all do as Lot did when he was leaving Sodom and Gomorrah, they stopped their ears and rush from the individual, instead of trying to reclaim the lost. Even when persons are destroying themselves, should we not try to reclaim such. Did the Saviour not say that he came to save that which was lost; he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Are we doing as he did, by treating persons coolly, even admitting that they have done wrong, would not one kind word, or a few tears have much effect on those that have acted wrong; could they not be reclaimed? Yes; if people would do their duty, they would have less to gossip and tattle about the faults of others. As they suppose all are guilty, and only themselves pure, they should cast out the beam out of their own eye, then they would see more clearly the mote in the eye of another. But how many do. They are all the time covering up the beams and spying out the motes. That is one of the trouble of society, and ever will be, unless people gain more christian knowledge and practice less hypocrisy, and slander less their neighbors.

The gradual malady is preying on those victims of slander when persons get up those ridiculous fabrications about their acquaintances, they for sometime speak in parables or try to do so, they try insinuations at first, then after awhile the devil inspires them with more confidence and courage then they come out with the story and thus it goes from one to another until the falsehood is really believed by some pure-hearted persons. Why they will say I really did not believe Mrs. G. was thus and so, or Mr. M. could have been guilty of such conduct, but it must be true, for Mrs. S. told me so, but really I never saw anything but a perfect lady or gentleman in them; but, however, the old story

goes there is never so much smoke without some fire, how could such reports get into circulation? I half believe it is just such remarks are an every day occurrence. Did you never stand and look on the roof of a house after the shingles have been saturated with rain, then let the burning heat of the sun fall on the house, see what smoke may appear to rise; I have stood and watched its lofty volumes to all appearances, but go and make the examination, you find the shingles sound and no fire has touched them, it was all false appearances. So it is with many people that have been slandered, sound them and they are no hollow gourds that have grown up without seed as many persons might suppose. You may find a fine and flourishing gourd vine on a barren shell bank, and we may wonder how it can be possible that any kind of vegetation could be living and thriving in such barren soil, but it is often the case, and when the season comes to gather from this barren place as we might suppose, the gourds are large, full, and sound, break them, you find them well filled with seed, just as though they had been reared in a hot house.

So we find persons often that misfortunes have thrust out upon the world, the cold, unfeeling, heartless part of creation are the ones the unfortunate most often come in contact with. We are not all born with gold or silver spoons in our mouths, some are sure to meet misfortunes and not from anything they may have done knowingly, or willingly, but God sometimes suffers his children to pass through the fires of adversity that they may be tried, the dross of their wicked nature must be consumed, then the pure and brilliant gold will shine forth. But because fortune has thrown such persons on the mercy of the world, does that show they should be slandered, but it is often the case

why they are. Take a woman and place her among strangers to get her living and if she has no relatives to protect her, she is sure to catch a breath of the upas, and some persons would be better off by far to be on the Java Island, within fifteen miles of the deadly tree, for it is said persons can only get that near before they inhale its poisonous blasts; are there not many upas trees in our own country? we need not cross the great Atlantic and rush to the foreign climes of a heathen country, to find deadly poison, for we are inhaling deadly blasts all the while we are exposed to slander and envy. Women and men that slander their friends, are worse than that deadly tree, for we may go within fifteen miles of that and return alive. But there are persons that follow each other hundreds of miles, and if I say thousands, I shall not exaggerate, and are thrusting the deadly upas towards their fellows. Is this not the case? Yes, my readers will respond! I know it to be so, many hearts have smothered and buried their sufferings from slander; you may think I speak harshly of persons that only talk a little too much, but there is a great difference in talking too much than fabricating falsehood; we can easily forgive and forget the mere talking too much, for there are persons more loquacious than is usually becoming, but their conversation does not monopolize altogether their acquaintances. We may talk very much if we choose, and never touch a person's character, and if we should speak of our friends, let it be the truth, and if we can say no good of them, let us remain silent. If people would adopt this plan, how much misery would be saved in the world, how many eyes would be closed in quiet slumber that are tossed from side to side. Now there are many who we may little suspect, whose couches remain untouched through a long

and dreary night, who sit in their chair or are pacing their rooms until the dawn of morning rouses them from their painful stupor; they go forward to duty but with languid feelings, not having closed their eyes for the night, why have they been induced to act thus? Why slander; they heard some one spoke ill of them, and thus they were so much worried about it that sleep had fled from their eyes, and peace from their hearts. Thus we see what slander is doing in the world, if persons would do their duty towards each other, if they should hear any report derogatory to their friends, would they not go to the individuals, and tell them in kindness, what they had heard, and is there one person that would not thank another for so doing? Then try and find out whether the story has any foundation or not, you then would see perhaps whether those reports were true.

Those demons in human shape, are worse than ravenous wolves, their dens and places should be sought out, they haunt the innocent; often they are seeking to destroy the very soul and body of their fellow-creatures, they are gnawing the very heart-strings of life, and health and happiness away; they are trying by perpetrating such black falsehoods to sink the reputation of their friends, and by thus doing appears almost to elate them. If by chance they hear the one they have had an antipathy too slighted on any occasion, how quickly they will say it is all right, for I never liked that person, I do not pity them at all. It will make them more humble to be slighted, they will not put on quite so many airs, but does not my kind friend know slander can never humble a man or woman that has a mind; they may submit to the iron yoke for awhile, but when they come to consider the manner in which they have been treated by persons who they

had looked upon as friends, they feel more keenly their injury, it calls all their energies into action, they feel they are wronged and have given no offence, they can exclaim with the Psalmist, "deliver me from the workers of iniquity, and save me from bloody men, for lo they lie in wait for my soul, the mighty are gathered against me, not for my transgressions, nor my sins, O Lord truly I may say their poison is like the poison of a serpent, they carry it under their tongue." Do we wonder at such a prayer? David felt his enemies were trying to sink him, and no doubt gave way to his feelings, the serpent is the most debased of all the animal creation, and was not sin the cause, but the serpent with all its hideous secresy is not to be dreaded more than the slanderer, for when the serpent intends to strike the poisonous fangs they often hiss, so the victim has an opportunity of escaping the blow, but is it the case with the slanderer? No, they often decoy persons into their society, and profess the strongest friendship for them so as to extort something to talk about, the poor victim is not aware of the net that is spread until they are entangled in its fatal cords; often persons are particularly invited to visit another, and they do not more than escape from their doors, before their poisonous fangs are buried into them with more velocity than the rushing waters over ten thousand cataracts.

Now who could tolerate such an abominable practice, well might the Psalmist pray and say "consume them in wrath, consume them that they may not be, and let them know that God ruleth in Jacob unto the ends of the earth." He was oppressed by his enemies and his wrath was kindled against them. Have we not the same feelings many times to use just such a prayer as he did? But the Savi-

our has taught us to pray differently; to pray for those that despitefully use you. But is it not a hard prayer to offer, when we know persons are trying all in their power to injure us? But we must pray for them if we would be christians; we can not say, Father forgive them, they know not what they do. They do know all, and what they have commenced to do, and that is to injure the one they are trying to scandalize, they know when they are trying to plunge their fellow-creatures into dark and dismal gulfs of disreputation; they often when they are rehearsing those ridiculous stories, know that they are false, yes! as false, as falsehood can be. But how sweetly they rehearse those things sometimes, they would make the cheek of the most uncouth man tinge with shame, but what do we hear the lady did. I say lady; well they pass as such, gossiping all the idle news of the day, would we not suppose a well-bred woman, would be otherwise engaged with good books and papers as we have in this enlightened day. How much better she would spend her time in reading and improving her mind, than engaging in such a course of conduct, the most ridiculous and the most wicked that any one can be guilty of; very often the foundation of such slander is some old grudge that has existed, sometimes for years, and the first thing those persons can catch derogatory to their friend, with what vehemence they circulate it; they never stop to sound the bottom to see if it has any, but rush as mighty man to battle, and the first acquaintance they meet, how elated they appear, when they tell the black falsehood.

If they were to stop and make some inquiry they fear it might be false, then what a disappointment, they would not have the pleasure of rehearsing the story, it fills their minds so much that they are not

easy until their friend hears the tale of misery. On golden wings they waft the news, for it is more glittering to the slanderer to have something to tell on one he has an antipathy too, than the brightest coin of Ophir; it glitters with all the imagination he is capable of using, until his restless spirit is unburdened to some one else; it is glad tidings of great joy to some persons to hear the downfall of one they do not like. O that God may have mercy and forgive such as are daily engaging in this awful and dangerous conduct; if they would consider for one moment what their busy tongues are doing, they would shrink from such a course of conduct as speedily as they would from some ferocious beast, for they are perpetrating falsehoods if believed, that will sink those persons into dark and dismal gulfs of misery, from which no earthly hand can ever extricate them. And still we see parents who have children that are growing up in the world, and just springing into life engaged with this dangerous weapon, slaying their friends as they go.

O woman, O man, you that have darling offsprings on your bosom or knee, say, do you not think God will avenge his own elect, that cry day and night unto him. You that are scattering the black and dismal seeds of scandal on your neighbors, that high heaven is not watching all you do and say, the anathemas of God's wrath will not pass over you untouched, but the very flash of Mount Sinai is gathering with all its power to burst its heated force upon your naked souls; you will think, perhaps, when it will be too late, of what you have done, beware how you slander your acquaintances, every one that ever did such a thing. Retrace your steps, and perhaps as God said in days of old, if there are five righteous, I will spare the city. So if you repent of your sins as the Ninevites did, you

may escape the thunderings of Mount Sinai's bitter peals. Remember while you are spared with your children, it is only the mercy of God; how many parents are there, that will boast of their children not being as some others they have seen. Perhaps those very children whom they are speaking of so unkindly, were left orphans, and had not the care and advice of their parents to pray and expostulate with them and teach them to shun wickedness, if those poor orphans had the same care and educations of yours, perhaps they would have outshone yours by far.

So boast not of anything you may have on earth, but how many Pharisees we often meet! I thank God my children are not as others, they are superior in talents, in beauty, in disposition, and all the qualities combined, they are perfection in the estimation of their parents, but suppose you had been taken from them, and they had been thrown on the cold charity of an unfeeling world. Do you think they would have been quite so brilliant? No! if you had left wealth, it might by fraud have been taken from them if they had relations, those very near friends sometimes prove a curse to the orphan in their charge. Now, while you are boasting of your children, think of what you are doing. You should only be thankful that God has spared your lives to take care of those lambs.

If you see others do wrong, by kindness and gentleness try and beg them to trace their steps; if they have acted wrong, do not set out to scandalize them by blowing a trumpet of the first wrong act you hear of their doing, how unchristian-like such conduct. If those very persons had parents to have prayed for them, and ever been near them to shield them from the temptations of a wicked world, they no doubt would have never been what they

are. It is one of the greatest boons of heaven to a child to have its parents until they are grown, for no one will do as a father or mother, and every child I do hope will take into consideration, what I am saying, if you are old enough to pray, you should thank God three times a day, as Daniel did did, and say there is no God like our God, he has spared me my father and mother to raise and educate me. But how many children are there that never once think of the boon, but are reckless and careless as if it was just what the Almighty should do for them. Oh ye thoughtless creatures, had you been left an orphan as the authoress of this book, you would know then how to appreciate a father and mother.

If children are thrown on the swelling tides of life and driven from side to side, just as the surge of time beats them round, how many are there often shipwrecked, and do we wonder at the awful catastrophe when they are thus exposed, for if they meet friends it is only by chance, for enemies are always at the helm, and more particularly when children are poor, friends are not quite so plenty.

Whenever an orphan takes to dissipation of any kind, my very heart is touched more deeply than one that has had the care of parents. If it is a woman or man of fifty years old, I always think if they had been brought up better they would have shunned those quicksands that are now swallowing them up. O, that heaven may protect the orphan, for if my heart is touched at one thing more than another, it is to see children left parentless; my very soul is moved at the sight for earth itself has been ever dwindling into nothing, since the last clod of dirt was thrown on my parents. To feel for orphans is and ever has been a pleasure to me, you do not wonder at my bitter expressions on slan-

der, for it is just what those poor friendless creatures so often receive from their pretended friends.

I say friends, for enemies always assume the garb of friendship, and that is why they are often more successful in gaining the confidence of their acquaintances; there are very few persons that would speak freely on any subject that would give the least offence to any one if they did not suppose they were talking to friends. That is why people get into difficulty; the confidence they place in others is so often betrayed. I have told you enemies do us much harm sometimes, and it is the duty of every person to try and escape them. But can it be done? Let me answer the question, and say to my readers it is impossible to escape our enemies, we may make the effort but it will prove abortive. We may go to any part of Asia, to Hindostan or Chinese Tartary, the Chinese Empire, or any of the islands, and if they are peopled we will there have enemies, we may go West and enter Africa, among the Hot-tentots we will meet enemies. But could we expect anything better from an uncivilized and ignorant people, they are to be pitied and not despised for they were formed by the same Almighty hand that created us, but they have not had the advantages that we have. We may go North, among the barbarians, what could we expect from a wild and savage people who know not there is a God, or a heaven or hell; they are wild and ferocious, care not for man or beast, enemies there is expected, and persons would prepare themselves for the attack of such. But let us enter Europe that highly enlightened and intelligent country, the people are enemies to each other there. I think from Austria that Kossuth had to leave his country and spend some time with us, could answer the questions, and many others that have done likewise.

England is said to contain the most intelligent people in Europe, but are they not enemies to each other? Yes! in glaring colors even the sovereign has many enemies. History tells us at the reign of King Charles, England had just landed from a disastrous voyage on the tempestuous sea of liberty, was governed by the second Charles, a prince who cared for nothing but his pleasure and debaucheries; you may say he deserved enemies. I will admit he could not have expected many friends, perhaps Lewis was the cause of many unkind deeds from King Charles, for it is said both whigs and tories were his tools, and lawless ambition blew up the living coals of patriotic fire and organized a most extensive conspiracy called the Rye House plot, in the bosom of which he found a still deeper plot to assassinate the king and revolutionize the government. Now, was not Lewis very much to blame for such conduct towards the king?

It is often from unkindness and wickedness that people hold towards each other that causes so much talk, but my pen is directed towards the slanderer, the one that fabricates and tells falsehoods on each other and envies them. The bible teaches us that we should "render to Cæsar the things that are due to Cæsar, and to God the things that are God's." Cæsar was a man filling a high and honorable position, but was not God his superior, he that had created heaven and earth and all things therein, and had made man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into him a living soul that must live in the future world; that soul that the slanderer is trying to crush, for if people ruin the body the soul is very apt to follow. When persons find they are slandered, it has different effect on each, it depends on the constitution and minds of persons.

I told you in the commencement of this story that

slander had murdered more victims than any hero of ancient or modern times, perhaps I have exaggerated a little, but thousands fall and are forever lost from the poisonous fangs that are hurled after them. Shakspeare speaks beautifully of Queen Anne, where he uses her own language which she spoke to Gloster after he had murdered her husband, Edward the prince of Wales. She said to the murdering villian, "thou knowest no law of God or man, no beast so fierce but knows some pity; black night overshadow thy day, and death thy life, thou hast made the happy earth thy hell; canst thou blush at thy deeds!"

Inhuman and unnatural the one that has committed such dreadful deeds, provokes a deluge of God's revenge on them; the slanderer is a Gloster. My reader will perhaps think this is very strong language, but none too strong for the slanderer; they commit the same black deeds by circulating ridiculous falsehoods on each other, and if they are not lost entirely, it is not because the slanderer has not tried to murder their victims. Persons resuscitating after being slandered is owing to their strong and powerful minds, also the education they have received in youth, and the the grace of God that has suppressed the perpetual rolling and conflicting waves of the ocean that has been bursting with such force against them; if a billow rise high it is to sink as low as if to dash its neighboring billow it is to be dashed in its turn; if it rage and foam, it is but to exhaust itself the sooner; if it roll tranquilly on the bosom of the deep, it is but to sink forever by its own gravity; just so it is with the slanderer, they rise very high, but often sink as low.

I have been speaking of the sovereigns of England, and have told you that King Charles perhaps deserved a part of his troubles, and there were many

others that deserved even more than they received from their subjects ; for every one that is familiar with history knows the character of the different kings and queens of all nations. I do not wonder at such a woman as Queen Mary was having enemies, for it appears she delighted in shedding the innocent blood of her subjects, and well might she be called bloody Mary for beheading lady Jane Grey, and then she shed the blood of between three and four hundred persons , on one occasion she beheaded some because they would not embrace her romish principles. She was a tyrant, there was no redeeming qualities in her, and it was no wonder that Philip did not love her. He lived but a short time with her, and I wonder that he lived with such a woman at all ; but wealth is the conquering passion sometimes, and so it was with him ; her kingdom was what he desired, and not the woman. Her sister Queen Elizabeth was not much better, she was a woman that was calculated to have enemies, for there was nothing prepossessing in her but her talents ; but her uncouth and tyrannical disposition counteracted what was to be admired in her ; there seemed to reign a spirit of envy, malice and hatred to all women ; she thought herself superior in beauty to all others. And are there not many queens in our beloved country in that respect ? Elizabeth was not alone in envy, the women of a more noble government has and ever will follow her.

On that one point it has been said that women are each others most inveterate enemies. I am sorry to say it is a truth not to be denied, therefore I must confess the truth however grating to the ears of my reader. Would there be half the slander in the world if it was not for women ? The world is deluged in slander, and if there were no women it might abate for awhile, for most men find some-

thing else to talk about as a general thing besides sitting down coolly and deliberately slandering their acquaintances. Men mostly are better educated than women, and there is much to be attached to the education of any one, and if gentlemen and ladies would act wisely, they would try more to improve the minds of their children, than they now do. I consider a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher brings out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental spot and vein that runs through it.

Education works upon a noble mind, brings out to view every virtue and perfection, which without this help would remain in oblivion. To illustrate the force of education we name Aristotle, he explains the doctrine of substantial forms when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish; the figure in the stone the sculptor only finds it; what sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero, the wise, the good, and the great man are often concealed in a plebian, which a proper education might have brought to light. I have given above a few of my ideas on education, and hope that many will think as I do. How many refined ladies and gentlemen would we meet where we see only the ignorant, vulgar and uncouth. Is not parents much to blame for neglecting the mainspring of their children's happiness, and all that can make them of much consequence in the world. A person is fitted for nothing when they are not educated but to grovel in the dark all their lives, and be in subjection to those who are possessed of that blessing.

There would be much less gossiping in society if women who pretend to keep up high life were better educated, they that hold themselves bon-tons of the community. I have heard them converse with persons that I know expected something from those dashing-looking women, but they proved a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, and possessed a good share of the prominent qualities of old Queen Elizabeth—envy. They could scarcely speak of a lady in the presence of a gentlemen with any kind of respect, but if there was a fault, it was readily mentioned; thinking the person they were talking to might have a good opinion of their friends; they would commence some unlady-like remark, hoping they might enjoy all the good opinion of the person they were holding the conversation with.

All persons have a knowledge of some things, even if they are not educated, and the ignorant frequently have very good discrimination, and often detect the most contemptible conduct in women one towards another.

Let me here say a word to the ladies particularly, and would to God I could imprint the language indelibly on every heart and mind, and what I am going to advise is that every lady that wishes the good opinion of the gentlemen, let them stop slandering their female acquaintances, for I do assure you that instead of raising yourselves in the estimation of a man, you lower yourselves considerably if he is a man of mind and principles, he would see directly your aim, and in disgust he would leave you. It is disgraceful to hear them telling the faults of their lady acquaintances, and feeling a disposition to say something to entertain their company, they commence some ridiculous report about some of their acquaintances, and that is the great cause of so many enemies towards each other in this world.

If people would engage in reading the lives of great men, and the history of different nations, then there would be a brilliancy in their conversation that would endear a woman to a man of intellect, and you would have quite a different turn of conversation instead of talking of the imperfections of your acquaintances, you would interest your company by telling them something about the snow-capped Alps, azure lakes, water-falls, villages and spires of Switzerland, or the beautiful mountains, vallies, lakes and rivers of some other part of the world ; and would it not be much more interesting to any one to hear something beautiful and sublime than miserable, false and degrading. If you will read the history of Europe or any other, you will see some of the beauties of different places that would interest you. A woman to be what she should be must possess beauty of person, chastened by the innocence of her thoughts, good-nature and affability are the graces that play in her countenance ; she knows she is handsome, and she knows she is good, conscious beauty adorned with virtue what a spirit is there in those eyes, what grace in that person, how is the whole woman represented in her appearance her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language, it may be prudence to turn away the eyes from such an object, now turn them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the majority of the sex, and move the knowing eye no more than the portraiture of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of woman as she should be.

Ah ! let me look upon thy face,
Fling back thy clustering hair,
It is a happiness to gaze
On any thing so fair.

'Tis such spring-morning loveliness,
The blushing and the bright ;

Beneath whose sway unconsciously
The heaviest heart grows light.

The crimson flushing of the rose
When some fresh wind has past,
Parting the boughs just such a hue
Upon thy cheek is cast.

Thy golden curls where sunshine dwells
As in a summer home,
The brow whose snow is pure and white
As that of ocean's foam.

For grief has thrown no shadow there,
And worldliness no stain,
It is as only flowers could grow
In such a charmed domain.

I would thy fate were in my hands,
I'd bid it but allow
Thy future to be like the past,
And keep thee just as now.

How many women are there in this world that such lines could be composed on, there are some I know. However young and beautiful a lady may be, if she is guilty of slander, she is degraded in the eyes of God and man.

I have been speaking of the Kings and Queens of England, and said that they had enemies, and no doubt they were slandered, and although those I have spoken of were not at all pleasing in their character, still they should not have been slandered. I have said nothing about the lords, knights, dukes, and duchesses, and the nobility of other places, but they all had their enemies, and ever will have as long as time lasts.

I will say no more about the old countries, but take a sail in imagination across the grand and beautiful Atlantic ocean as Columbus did, and see if we do not find enemies and slanderers here. Yes! we may leave the coast of Greenland and travel to North and South America, and we will find slan-

der making mischief there. The world should ever feel indebted to Columbus, and Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, for assisting in the noble enterprize of discovering the new world.

Could there have been a people settled here that were exempt from slander, but I suppose that would be expecting an impossibility, for as the settlers were from Europe, they brought the mighty contagion along with them ; but I think there is less excuse for this country, than any part of the known world. The United States is called the "home of the brave and the land of the free ;" we enjoy a free and glorious liberty, and the rights of our country which our immortal Washington fought for. We enjoy our own opinion in every respect ; we have a free republican government ; we worship God under our own vine and fig tree, and is it not to be regretted, that we find such a degrading thing as slander in a country, free, civilized and christianized as the one we have the honor of living in.

Perhaps some have thought that talking a little was no harm, but the little you may have said have ruined the peace and happiness of your friends forever ; you may not have intended to have done them so much injury, but you were indiscriminate in your expressions, your language might have been misconstrued, and perhaps told differently from what you may have said ; all this misery would have been saved if your conversation accorded with the bible. How different would the face of society be, the Saviour has taught us to let our conversation be yea, yea, nay, nay. But what wickedness is practiced in these days, instead of yea, yea, nay, nay, we hear of people going from one to another and fabricating the blackest and most ridiculous falsehoods on each other, and telling them for truths to their injury without the least foundation, if

they had any they might be a little excused, but often there is none it can not be excused at all.

I think sometimes if the Almighty would make more examples as he did in days of old there would be many Sophias and Annaniases, in these latter days may God have mercy on and forgive the slanderer, if he does not the awful vengeance of heaven will surely find them if they do not repent of their sins ; if any sin should be punished in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, it is the one that would rob an innocent woman or man of their characters. Did we ever read of our immortal Washington on any occasion using slander or being an enemy to any one; he was a pattern for women and men if they would be guided by his examples and precepts there would be fewer enemies in the world, and we would hear less slander. There are many pure-hearted people that have been unfortunate, and have been reduced to much suffering, when persons are exposed to all kinds of hardships and poverty which seem to degrade them in the eyes of others, they sometimes demonstrate a fortitude of mind, a strength of virtue, a firmness of principle which ought never to be forgotten. There are many high and noble minded people that misfortunes cannot injure, their spirit is not to be trampled on.

At the time Fort Griswold was stormed on Croten Hill on the refusal of Colonel Ledyard to surrender, bayonets were used, Ledyard delivered his sword to the commander, and it is said the inhuman wretch plunged it into Ledyard's bosom; and are there not many British officers in this land of freedom, they are not satisfied with the surrender of one that has been unfortunate and met the clouds of disappointed hopes in life, but after they submit to their unfortunate fate, up comes the British officer, the enemy

and slanderer of mankind, and with a black and dismal falsehood on their tongues, they wave the glittering sword and plunge it deeper and deeper into their fellow-men until life becomes extinct. In many cases a person must be possessed with many surpassing qualities to stem the current of slander that is bearing them down, they must first have the organ of hope largely developed: secondly, they must be possessed with the conscientiousness of not being guilty, they must be determined never to surrender.

The thirst of an enemy is unsatiable, there are many Bonapartes, Jingsins and Skhans in these days if they could only possess the power, they and many others had, who it is said ground down man to a mere machine of their impious and bloody ambition; but they were men of high and noble birth, talented and wealthy, and if we are to be in subjection to enemies let them be above us in every respect; never yield to an inferior object. There are many caterpillar-butterflies in these latter days, they have no idea that people are aware of their once being a low degraded caterpillar. Natural history has taught us the origin and different progression of insects, and I do not think a better comparison could be made to some people than the one I have chosen from the caterpillar to the gay butterfly. You know the caterpillar at the first exclusion from the egg and for some months of its existence it is a worm, it has sixteen short legs and crawls upon the green leaves, devouring them with their delicate jaws by means of twelve eyes, so minute as to be nearly imperceptible without the aid of the microscope; what could be more ugly than such a hairy worm, but the change has come, behold it with wings capable of rapid and extensive

flight, ten of its feet disappear, and the remaining six are in most respects wholly unlike those to which they have succeeded, its jaws have vanished and are replaced by a curled proboscis, suited only for sipping liquid sweets, the form of its head is entirely changed, two long horns project from its upper surface, instead of twelve eyes it has only two very large ones, composed of at least twenty thousand convex lens, each supposed to be a distinct and effectual eye; now is the butterfly not beautiful but it had to pass through many changes; but let us behold it with its gay and gaudy wings, swiftly it flies extracting nectar from the tubes of the honey-suckles, and then the very image of fickleness, flying to a rose as if to contrast the hue of its wings with that of the flower on which it reposes; it did not come into the world as we now behold it. What pride it feels as though it were always a beautiful butterfly; but suppose some innocent little urchin is standing to view its haughty inconsistent actions. What a shock when the child catches it and breaks its glittering wings off and dashes its body to the ground; if it had the power of reason it would regret it had ever advanced from the caterpillar. The slanderer—the enemy of man—is the caterpillar, there are many persons that spring from families of low order and their principles are imbibed in them, and the appearance of the butterfly never can change them; do not infer from this remark that I am tenacious of birth, only to a certain extent, my motto is “merit.”

Although my ancestors came from proud and noble England, and have ever kept up the idea that much depends on noble birth, but let a person spring from what family they may, if a Hottentot or an Arab, and if they possess merit, we should take

them by the hand, and do them good if it lay in our power. Poor people do not as a general thing slander each other, but those that pretend to be more than they really are; they have by industry amassed wealth that placed them into good society, they perhaps have been shoemakers, or hackdrivers or something they are ashamed to own in after life; such occupations are honorable, it is a good thing we have persons to fill them, but never deny what you have been after fortune favors you with prosperity. Take a family and let them spring from the most obscure birth and abject poverty, let them become very wealthy, how ostentatious they are; let them have a family of children, they may live in one of the most fashionable houses in our city, there may not be a wish denied them, their sons and daughters may be highly educated, they may dress in the most costly apparel, they may keep the first society, but let their friends say "why your father was once a blacksmith, or a shoemaker, or a hackdriver, your mother was a servant girl;" what an insult, they fire up directly, they suppose it has all been kept secret, no one knew it, they are a class of people that should be termed caterpillar-butterflies; but how often does a little child creep up and pluck their wings off and dash them to the ground; let misfortune burst upon them, let fire consume their property and that not insured, all lost, sometimes people are left without clothing by such accidents they often become bankrupt, and brought to abject poverty in many ways.

Now do we find the ostentatious egotists thrust from their princely palace as quickly as the people of Rome forsook Cræsus for Pompey. Misfortunes have gathered and bursted with all the force imaginable over such butterflies; we need the pen of

Shakspeare to give a definition of the word honor, he says, "it is an hour, or days, or a month's existence in the blasting pestiferous breath of folly and falsehoods, the favorite name unadulates in air, to-day with boisterous acclamations of praise,—to-morrow with hideous imprecations and deadly curses, and at all times with grosser fumes than float around the table of the God's after quaffing deeply of their immortal nectar." Yet demagogues in every age have made this same popularity their supreme delight, and many poor souls who could not give what Croesus gave to purchase it, have given more, their character, integrity and conscience, at least should they be thought worth more than ten millions of dollars of which probably some may doubt.

Shakspeare felt I think from the language he used just as I do on one point, that is character; he in many places is very emphatic in his remarks, and I do hope that our enemies that have occupied the position of a caterpillar feeding on leaves and once moving in such an humble position as I have described, will cease to slander those that are their superiors, and not because you have dropped the woolly worm and flutter as the gay butterfly of the bon-tons of the times, think that you can suppress by falsehoods and tattlings, those who are your superiors in every sense of the word, save one thing that may be money. That is all some worship, those very persons you may have slandered were not woolly worms at first, neither were their ancestors, but they sprang from the true and genuine smooth caterpillars whose ancestors waved their glittering wings in prosperity for centuries that have passed, and the blood of noble England is trickling through their veins as pure as when their forefathers stepped on board the ship and sailed for America.

There is no contamination in their blood with any nation, particularly the Africans, they are a separate nation from the whites, and some of them are very honorable, but I do not admire amalgamation, of which many families have a slight touch, and think it is not known to the world; but let me here inform them there are many things on the house-top that we may suppose lie hid under a bushel, and not only known to God but to man.

There are many innocent people slandered by their acquaintances that cannot get courage enough to vindicate their own cause for a long while, they are often amiable, and cannot feel angry enough to defend themselves, they know they are innocent, but rest quiet, they remind me of the bee that gathers its food solely from flowers, its sting being used as a defensive weapon against its enemies, and only used when worried very much; but the sting of a bee is nothing compared with the sting from a wasp, so it is with amiable persons that are slandered, they may weep and sigh over their misfortunes, and nothing can remove their sufferings, but they have not the fiery courage of retaliating back to their antagonists, but what is said of the wasp? Its sting is offensive and calculated for its predatory and ferocious course of life, the class of people that resemble the wasp are the ones that slander. Should you come in contact with them they should be retaliated upon, but that doctrine would not accord with the bible, for we are taught that "vengeance is mine and I will repay" saith the Lord, as the amiable bee with its slight sting and little buz will meet the better fate after all.

It is not always that the battles are gained by the strong, but the vigilant, the active and the brave; let persons that are slandered make up their mind

that a glance at the basilisk nor the archer's shaft cannot quell an aspiring mind ; borne up by the breeze we still mount aloft and wave defiance at our enemies.

People should never dogmatize others that are possessed with foibles and vices themselves, but they are generally the ones we hear the most from ; and most certainly the slanderer is the dirty tool. When I am speaking or writing on slander I am afraid my language is almost too strong, but I will try and keep veracity all through this small volume, but I am not aware that a person could be too severe on the slanderer, either with their tongues or pen. Few persons can say more pithy or pungent things than I can when I am excited, and my mind glowing with intense action, and is there a subject that could excite feeling in the breast of a woman more than slander ? Let me answer the question, and say there are but few that have escaped the deadly upas. I have told you before a woman may be as virtuous as a Susannah, or a Lucretia, or a Dido, but the fangs of the slanderer will be hurled after them. Dido was the founder and Queen of Carthage, and and it was said she was virtuous and lovely, although she was basely deceived by the Trojan Prince, she fell in love with him, and thus it was he deceived her ; she had not the power of bearing up under her affliction, and she destroyed herself. She was virtuous at heart, that is plainly seen from history.

It is our enemies that slander us, it is never friends, but are they christians ? I am afraid they are not ; the bible teaches to "love one another, bear each others burdens ; weep with those that weep, mourn with those that are in trouble ;" but instead of being a comfort to each other, there are

persons that are the cause of all the weeping and mourning by their wicked slanderous tongues.

O ! slanderer thou mighty tyrant,
Through ages long have past,
You have wielded your fiery arrows
In many a constant breast.

The tyrant and destroyer
Of human happiness,
Your daggers you have plunged
In many an innocent breast.

Your vengeance you have tried,
On innocence to pour
But alas ! your earthly pride
Will sink to rise no more.

I will remark here to my reader that I do not pretend to be a poetess, for if I did I might be a Lord Chatham or a Fox or some others that did not deserve their illustrious names, but the verses have come into my mind and I have penned them down. I hope my friends will excuse the poetess, as I generally act from the impulse of the moment.

There are many persons that would slander the most perfect being that earth could produce, if they had the slightest antipathy against them. Yes ! a Lucretia of Rome, that woman with all her spirit and still greater virtue would not escape the tongue of the slanderer in these days. Lucretia was truly virtuous, although she was dishonored by Lucius Tarquin, that proud and haughty tyrannical king. We are not all born to be fortunate, and some are sure to meet the dark clouds of life, and because fate has placed them in that position is often why they are slandered.

We need not go back to the history of Rome or England or any other country to find virtuous women, for I hope they are to be found the world over,

and women that possess pure and genuine principles, although many have not those shining qualities. A Tarquin or a Trojan prince could never succeed in seducing a virtuous woman by any honorable means, neither did these unfeeling monsters, but it was accomplished by dissimulation and diabolical intrigue; although Lucretia drew a poniard from her robe and plunged it into her bosom, I do not know that her soul should be given up as lost. The bible tells us no self-murderer shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and I hope the bible is and ever will be my guide, but I do not think that every one knows exactly how to construe it; and I am led to believe that Lucretia and Dido the Queen of Carthage were both pardoned by God. No doubt but those women loved very much the men that caused their destruction. And what is woman when she sincerely loves, and knows her feelings are not reciprocated, she becomes a perfect wreck of human nature. She may be all that a woman should be in every respect except on that one point, she may be amiable, pure and talented, but in love she is a perfect child, the hallowed influences that clustered around them in days past, often awaken the deepest emotions of feeling in her heart, and a woman feels as though she would as soon be out of the world as in it.

Love is said to be blind, tyrannical, and has no reason; love becomes after awhile with some dispositions, genuine worship, the image of the beloved object is in the distance, it hovers over our path like some angelic being, its celestial smiles shed benign influences over our hearts where all else have grown cold and desolate. The apathy of some persons is not natural, but superinduced, there is often a volcano under the ice but it must burn out, and a face

of desolation has often come on not to be rectified in ages, though their lives should be prolonged to a patriarchal longevity. The necessity of loving and being loved was never felt by the imaginary beings of Rousseau and Byron's creation, more imperiously than by some in these days. Their hearts are often offered up with a devotion that knows but little reverse, they feel that every fair prospect has been blighted, every brilliant expectation thwarted, and every tender emotion grievously disappointed, then, alas, how sterile and barren is creation.

Often many persons exclaim, "O that I were cast on some desert island, there to live out the remainder of my life, unpolluted by the communication with men." In the bosom of the one that loves as I have described, there glows the fire of such love that will continue to burn through life, and will only be extinguished amid the crumbling ruins of the altar by the damp dews that may gather over them in the dark valley and shadow of death.

There have been persons that have said that they loved another better than their own souls or their God, but that was enthusiasm, and people should not give way to such love; but when persons destroy themselves as Dido and Lucretia did, they must have loved as I have described; and although the poignard was drawn and plunged into their bosoms, yet could we not pity and forgive their weakness, and if sinful man can forgive no doubt but what they were forgiven by God.

I do not wish my reader to understand me that I would encourage self-destruction, for we should ever try and deter persons from that wicked course, but we may hope that they were forgiven, likewise all others that have not the power of resisting this awful temptation; what I mean by speaking of those

women is, to convey the idea of their virtue, they did not possess it all it issue, but if they lived now as pure as they were before they met their misfortunes, some of the slanderers of this age would find them, and with their diabolical tongues would try and contaminate their pure and virtuous characters by circulating some of their black and shocking falsehoods that the slanderer seems to enjoy telling.

I would to God that there were more Brutuses in this cause of slander to wield their pen and swear eternal vengeance against the slanderer, and as long as they have power to hold the pen between their fingers to give the slanderers their just dues. Brutus was reputed to be a fool when he seized the bloody dagger that Lucretia had plunged into her bosom, and lifted it towards heaven exclaimed, "be witness ye Gods, that from this moment I proclaim myself the avenger of the chaste Lucretia, from this moment I declare myself the avenger of Tarquin and his bloody house." Is slander not a Tarquin? Should we not say from this moment I proclaim against slander and its bloody house. Yes! they murder as they go, henceforth my life shall be employed in opposition to tyranny, and for the freedom and happiness of my country. Brutus also told them that tears and entreaties must give way to the sterner sentiments of just revenge, and delivering them the poignard still reeking with Lucretia's blood. Although Junius Brutus was not a good man, that was a noble act of his to avenge innocence.

It is said that Brutus and his associates were able to dethrone a powerful tyrant, and abolish a monarchy which had existed for centuries. I would to heaven that a Brutus may be found to abolish slander. I am sorry that I am not more competent

to the task, but may a Brutus finish what I have had the presumption to commence, and if it ever should be abolished, it will be one of the greatest victories that was ever achieved by mortal man. The crown of such a warrior would be filled with the most costly gems of earth; the diamonds that would be inserted would be numberless. The large yellow diamond in possession of the Emperor of Austria is said to be the largest of that color known; its weight is above one hundred and thirty-nine carats; its surface is very large, being cut in what is termed the rose of fashion.

It is said that Governor Hastings brought from India a magnificent diamond, weighing one hundred and one carats, which made a superb brilliant; it was presented to Queen Charlotte. If it were possible, would not those diamonds with many others be got and placed in the crown of the Brutus that may be successful in abolishing slander from the face of society.

Are there not many murdered victims, and will there not be many more? I for one would stop at no expense or trouble to gain the diamonds to place in the crown of the great and mighty champion of earth that could abolish the insidious tyrant slander from the world. I must confess I do not feel sanguine in the hope at all, for I fear it is an impossibility. An Augustus, a Nero, a Cassius, a Cato, a Phillip, a Marius and none others I am afraid will ever be able to conquer such a kingdom as slander.

A person might possess the eloquence in writing that Demosthenes or Homer had in speaking, or any other orator that have or ever may live, but I am afraid all efforts will prove useless. Christ himself I do not believe could deter some people from

talking too much, and telling falsehoods on each other. If christian grace cannot quell them no earthly power can touch them. If there was a Cicero one of the last luminaries of Rome to be murdered, and his head and hands cut off, and fixed upon the tribunal for them to look at as they passed by, and instead of Cicero let the name be slander, it would do but little good I am afraid even in such an enlightened country as this. We are not in Rome, or in a place of idolatry as those persons were.

Martin Luther says "if there is a hell, Rome is built at its mouth," so we may know it is a wicked and degraded place, but here, in these United States, the land of beauty and freedom, a people that fought and gained their liberty, by honor, and toil and hardships; and now they are free from a yoke of tyranny and bondage. Is it not ridiculous that slander should reign so profusely under the banner of a republican government. My readers must agree with me if they are acquainted with the ways of the world.

I have said a great deal on slander, but I have not given all the different causes. I once thought slander was calculated to destroy a person forever, and that I did not wonder at persons giving way to emotions of grief, but my ideas are completely changed in regard to this subject; for there is one thing may be said, and it is the truth, people are not much talked about unless they are of some consequence, and whenever I hear the name of any one very often, I take it for granted that they possess some merit; and am more apt to enquire into their character. We never hear a very poor obscure person that lives retired often spoken of, but let them get rich and become conspicuous, then for the clamor of the world.

If Henry Clay had remained a poor mill-boy he would not have had so many enemies, or if he had continued a miller all his life perhaps he would not have had the trouble of fighting a duel ; but when he became eminent, then his enemies began to multiply ; and if Martin Luther had continued to have sung for bread at the door of the widow Carter, he no doubt would not have experienced so many troubles ; but after his mind began to expand and shine in the world then came enemies. Well may he be called the great reformer of past days, for there are not many Luthers in these days, but as God's wisdom is far above man's, he sent a storm, and Luther was frightened, and made a pledge to his maker which he faithfully kept.

He became a monk, and afterwards a pious minister of Jesus. But did not Luther meet enemies? Yes! of the worst description. They reported that he was co-habiting with a woman whom he had never married. But did it injure him? No, his persecutions made him more courageous, and his language to his wife before he died was beautiful. He said, "my dear wife, do not mind the gossiping of our enemies in saying you are not my wife, you know we were lawfully married in the presence of God, and the enemies of man shall not destroy our happiness."

Martin Luther was not alone in feeling a determination that enemies shall not destroy them, there are many that have come to the same conclusion, but he was one of the victims of slander, that bright luminary of the christian religion ; he was slandered—basely slandered. One might say why did we remain supine while Piedmont and Naples were crushed by Austria? But it is never too late to do good, we may have acted wrong in being supine

then, but let us now come up to the help of Naples and Piedmont; if there can be a word written to suppress Austria she shall be extinct from the face of the earth. Austria the slanderer—the king of terrors that has reigned and ruled so long, its victims that are murdered are numberless.

If all the graves were opened, and we could take a peep into the hearts of the many corpses that are now lying entombed in the bowels of the earth, would the shock not astound mortal man? Yes! if the dead could speak, they would say yes! There are millions that have been thought to die from diseases they never had, but have gone into the grave with broken hearts. Oh! ye dead, if you could only speak to the slanderer, you would say it was slander—slander that destroyed my peace, and broke my heart, a father, a mother, or sister, or brother, wife or husband, or lover, all turned against each other by slander. What a sin, there could be nothing worse, but you think lightly of what you have done, sometimes a very little destroys a person's happiness for ever.

Amidst your glittering sword
Of slander you have hurled,
The innocent will conquer
If it is in another world.

Put up thy sword, unsheath it not,
Nor slander never any more,
To plunge into the spirit world
Many as you have done before.

I have told you that slander does much harm but the half cannot be expressed, and the persons that are mostly slandered are the ones that are the least deserving it, for instance, such a man as Patrick Henry you would not have supposed that he had an enemy, but he had his share. A man paid him

great homage on one occasion, a Baptist minister spoke about the crowd following him. "Why is he a God?" said the minister. "No indeed, my friend, but a poor worm of the dust, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields and is remembered no more;" his remarks it is said silenced every voice. If such a man as Patrick Henry had enemies and was slandered, what may a more inferior person expect. The princess Josephine was much slandered after her marriage to her first husband by the woman she thought her very best friend. Oh! woman, woman vile unfeeling woman, many have you crushed and destroyed by falsehoods black as perdition itself. Josephine was a diamond, and she shone through darkness. Mineralogy teaches us the superior quality of the diamond, it stands alone in hardness and brilliancy. Josephine possessed those qualities, in confidence she often spoke to her false friend things she would not have told many; that woman had fell in love with Josephine's husband, and told him all manner of things about his wife's infidelity towards him, and he finally thought she was not pure and good. She lastly brought about the separation. Josephine took her two children Hortense and Eugene and sailed back again to her uncle's on the Martinico Island where she was born, and had spent her happy childhood; her feelings were very different when she returned to her friends.

She loved her husband, she knew she was innocent of the charges brought against her. After the injury, her false friend had done, she became so tormented by her conscience that she confessed her guilt; she then told the husband it was all false, he then wrote to Josephine that he had acted cruelly towards her, and asked her forgiveness, and request-

ed her to take her children and return to him. She did as he requested and returned to France; she forgave him for she was a loving and forgiving woman, she went to live with her perfidious husband again, for he proved to be the guilty party, and the very woman that had been engaged in the separation was his paramour. That was her aim in separating her from her husband; as such love soon dies out they became tired of each other and separated.

He was a man that filled a high position in life, and no doubt he had some discrimination, and might have been possessed with some good qualities, although he gave way to a perfidious woman; but he found he had given the jewel for the paste, and had left the most solid substances for capricious appetites, and no doubt became disgusted with himself and the woman also. Was not this the case of an enemy? Josephine was truly a victim of slander, the angel flew over her house more than once and put the blood on the post of the doors to perfection. Death did not follow, but it was only mitigated by the yielding and amiable disposition of Josephine. Suppose she had been like many other women when her husband ordered her from his house, to say "I will not go," and return railing for railing, what might have ensued. He believed her inconstant to him or he would not have acted as he did, if he had the furious temper of some men believing what he did, he might have murdered her; but she knew she was innocent, and in compliance with his wishes went home to her friends and as innocence is rewarded and wickedness punished, so it was in this case. She returned to her husband and lived happily, but as she was up hill and down dale all her life, so it was then. France was at that time in a difficulty with another nation, and she and her hus-

band both were cast into prison a short time after she had returned to France, and he was beheaded, and she was sentenced to death, but the hand that never fails to reward the innocent rescued her in troubles, although she was in a prison and her children taken from her, she still hoped to gain her liberty.

She had once been told by an old negress on the island of Marifoco, when a child, that she would meet just such troubles, the old woman was what is now termed a fortune-teller, and as Josephine passed by the old woman she did not know what she was doing, sitting on the ground with several of the little Africans around her, and Josephine walked up and asked her what she was doing, sitting in that position? The old negress looked into her face, and told her she could tell her fortune. Josephine had never heard of any such thing as telling fortunes, and of course she consented. She then took hold of the hand of Josephine and commenced, she told her she would marry a long distance from home, and marry a stranger and go away to another country, and that she would see much trouble, even be a prisoner, but she would come out victorious. She then spoke kindly to Josephine, and said, my dear child you don't look like bearing so much trouble as your hand predicts. No doubt she saw in the face of that gentle girl some of her redeeming qualities, but before dropping the hand of Josephine she said you will yet be Queen of France do not give up when your troubles come on you, you will conquer them all. She told her she would be married twice; she then thanked the old woman kindly, and took her leave. After she had married she often thought of the old negress' prediction, but the belief that she would yet be Queen of France buoyed her up under sentence of death.

The day had been appointed for her to be beheaded, and she had seen the body of her husband carried from the prison a lifeless corpse ; next was her own turn. The woman that was in prison with her was to be executed at the same time, but Josephine hoped their fate would be changed ; and told the woman the day before they were to be executed, " we will be liberated." The woman was crying, and looking through the grates of the window, wringing her hands and uttering the most heart-rending language. Josephine looked at her and smiled, and said, " why will you act in such a manner? Buoy up your spirits. I am to be Queen of France yet, and you shall be one of my maids of honor." The women looked more distressed than before, and thought Josephine had lost her mind. Josephine was calm and quiet all the time, trying to cheer her friend up under her trials. What a melancholy scene for such a good-hearted woman to pass through.

When people know they are innocent the dark grates of a dungeon or the scaffold cannot move them. Look at Socrates, how composed he received the sentence when he was condemned to die. Did the juice of hemlock frighten him? What reply did he make to Apollodorus when he asked his master if he should die innocent? With a smile he said " would you have me die guilty? A Melitus and Anytus will kill me, but they cannot hurt me." It is said that when the poison was handed him he drank it sweetly down, such was the end of an innocent being. The enemies of Socrates and Josephine could not hurt them forever, and the enemies of man may make prisoners and erect scaffolds, and mix draughts of poison, but they cannot conquer always.

Hope was largely developed in Josephine, and when the morning came for the execution, the friend of Josephine had become more calm and resigned to her fate ; the pardon came for both, and they were free once more. It was not long after this event before Bonaparte met her, and they were married. Are not the ways of the Almighty past finding out.

Let me say to all that feel as if they had been treated badly by your enemies, keep your spirits up, and do not let the hard confines of a prison of misfortune that they may have caused you to fall into depress you ; do not let slander or any other trouble dethrone your reason ; the same hand that hovered over Josephine will protect you from the least to the greatest.

There may be many Hamans in the world, they may have all they want on earth ; they may be the favorites of the king, but as long as they see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the gate they are miserable. They have some animosity from some cause, frequently without the slightest foundation, but they cannot rest, there sits that Mordecai at the gate ; if I could get him from there I would be happy. He erects a gallows—slander. Slander is the gallows, Haman the enemy thinks he has accomplished his design ; all is right, the king listens to Haman, but Mordecai found out what was going on ; he became very miserable, he did not know what to do ; he perhaps saw the gallows, and expected he was to die on it, poor, innocent mortal ; but just as Haman anticipated his success was not the beautiful Esther sent unto the king, and he was pleased with her, he soon forgot Vaskti, and told Esther whatever she wished should be granted, even if it was the half of his kingdom. I have often thought I could see that

beautiful woman approaching King Ahasharus between fear and trembling. She knew if he refused to receive her what the end of poor Mordecai would be with all the rest of her nation, but she ventured. What was the consequence? She touched the golden sceptre, and was made queen. Then what became of that wicked Haman? On the same gallows that he had erected for innocent Mordecai, he was hanged.

Remember slanderer, you are the Haman, and let your restless spirit be easy. If persons do prosper that you do not like, for fear of the same gallows, and ditches, and dungeons you have prepared for others to fall into, you may find yourself.

I will now finish speaking of the Empress Josephine, she lived in prosperity many years after she married Bonaparte; but after living in peace sometime, her troubles commenced again. Bonaparte's friends wanted him to be divorced from her, but on account of his extreme attachment to her, they feared it was in vain. When Bonaparte was away for a long time, engaged in one of his wars, a letter was written to him by one of Josephine's enemies, intimating that she was false to him, and they tried by all the means in their power to implant the hideous monster jealousy in his heart, as that was the only thing that would bring him to do what they wished he should.

Bonaparte told Josephine in one of his letters that he did not wish her to exempt herself from the society of gentlemen, as he had no fear of her chasity, the gentlemen that visited her was his most intimate friends, but when he received letters of her inconstancy from one of these pretended friends that visited her, he thought there must be some truth in it, he thought she had been imprudent, and felt

angry with her, and did not write to her until he started for home. Josephine was in ecstasies to meet him, as she loved him most dearly.

If pure and genuine principles existed in the hearts of women more than there is, there would be more domestic happiness in the world. Shakspeare was not much out of the way when he called Queen Elizabeth a fool, the queen of Edward. She had opposed King Richard the Third from making love to her daughter Elizabeth, she knew King Richard was a villain; she used the strongest language to deter him from his purpose, she told King Richard to send her daughter a pair of bleeding hearts theron engrave Edward and York as a present, as once Margaret did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood a handkerchief which say to her did drain the purple sap from her sweet brother's body. Then after Queen Elizabeth showed so much anger, and used so much harsh language to King Richard in opposing him as a husband to her daughter, then turned from him, and told him she would woo her in his favour; well might Shakspeare call her a shallow changing woman. Are there not just such changing creatures in these days? they fire up at times as Queen Elizabeth did. But the Empress Josephine was none of your changing Elizabeths, Bonaparte had no cause to feel uneasy about her virtue had he known the truth, but as slander will have its course when its foundation is shattered, its bed uprooted, then falls as the great city of Babylon, and what a tremendous noise; why the slanderer will say—why I thought it was so, I was told so.

O! slanderer, heaven grant the day may come when the cry shall resound from every one, "Babylon has fallen; Babylon the great has fallen! Baby-

lon the slanderer has fallen!" The mind of Bonaparte was very much worried at receiving such a slanderous letter against his wife, he returned to his home. His wife was to meet him about twenty-five miles from her home. He had written to her when he would be home, she knew where he would stop on the evening previous to his return. She ordered her carriage, and took her servants and children, and started to meet her long absent husband. The weather was very disagreeable and cold; the rain poured down in torrents, but it did not deter her from going to meet the man she loved so much.

On arriving at the house where he was to stop, she alighted, and throwing off her wrappings she hastened to his room; she was surprised to see him sitting by the fire looking very sad, and when she approached he arose with indignation, and stood with vengeance depicted on his countenance. As she was going to greet him, he waived his finger and said "woman do not approach me, go back to your home, I do not want to see you." O what a shock on human nature; but as she had ever been yielding, she turned from him and burst into tears.

She knew there was something serious the matter for she had never been treated so before by him; she went into another room and fell upon the bed and gave way to the most bitter tears, the only relief that women have. Bonaparte had seen her and her form; her pleasant and sweet face had awakened in his obdurate heart a feeling of forgiveness. Admitting it was true what he had heard, but the sight of her angelic face was more than he could bear, he began to reconsider the nature of such stories and came to the conclusion it might be false, he sat and meditated on the subject. Had Josephine been possessed with artificial gloss that many wo-

men do possess she could not have wielded such influence over Bonaparte, for he was a man of a powerful mind, and would have never condescended to admire an inferior woman. Josephine's person was adorned with the most unpremeditated graces, and was a fit lodging for a mind so lovely, there dwelt rational piety, modest hope and cheerful resignation. It was no wonder he placed such confidence in her.

I am surprised he ever thought her guilty of such a crime after he had reflected on it. He sent for her son Eugene, and asked him where his mother was? He told him she was in her room, that she would have gone home, but the horses were from the carriage, and it was raining. He then told Eugene to tell his mother to stay all night, but not to come into his room unless sent for. Eugene delivered the message to his mother, she obeyed all he said; she slept not during the night, and her pillow was wet with her tears; the next morning she arose to go home.

Bonaparte was as much worried during the night as Josephine. Eugene had told him she was weeping, then he felt he had wronged her. He was a cold unfeeling man, but he loved her. He sent her word to come into his room at 10 o'clock in the morning. Then how changed were her feelings when she received this word, her heart leaped for joy; she made every preparation, and at the appointed time she visited her husband. When she entered the room he did not raise his finger of scorn at her, but bade her approach. Her pale cheeks and languid looks spoke her feelings. He arose and met her, she extended her hand and he received it, she bursted into tears, and fell on his bosom. He could bear no more, he threw his arms around her and

kissed her, and drawing a chair up he placed her on his knee, and drew the diabolical letter from his pocket and showed it to her.

She told him the truth, the whole truth, and the story grew out of a slight occurrence at a tea-party that had lately been at her house. Some gentlemen occupied her in conversation longer than her enemies thought proper. Josephine told all that had passed. Bonaparte believed every word, and never for a moment after that thought of suspecting her again.

Slander the tyrant and destroyer of human happiness never sleeps or slumbers. Anne Boleyn was beheaded because a gentleman picked up her handkerchief that she dropped by chance ; but that old perfidious King Henry had become indifferent to her charms ; she was said to be a most beautiful woman, but another had supplanted her, the gay and volatile Jane Seymour. Not all the gay beauties and virtuous women of Europe could fix constancy in such a libertine as old King Henry was. Are there not more King Henry's in that respect? I would to heaven they were not, but I am afraid Europe did not contain them all. All the most beautiful part of the world is contaminated with some of the same dispositions, and some of the same vices crowd around the glittering band of freedom's land. The libertines that have murdered innocence will occupy the same position which the slanderer fills. They are generally a low, degraded, insignificant caterpillar of earth. They may pretend to assume the form of the true and genuine butterfly, but the low wooly worm is all the while showing its many eyes and legs it had when crawling on the ground and feeding on leaves.

I have said Bonaparte never suspected his wife again ; but trouble was hanging over her of a more

dreadful character. They went home together at that time, and Josephine was happy, but it did not last long. The people of France were like our enemies, they were not to be appeased short of destruction. They renewed their machinations against her again, and Bonaparte could not resist their entreaties. He was ambitious, and it ruined him ; but he never ceased to love that charming woman. The time drew near them for to be divorced ; he often spoke of the separation to Josephine, she thought it must kill her, she could not believe that her frame could bear up under the blow. She had exercised hope through her life but now she was ready to give way under the awful and inhuman circumstance of the divorce. Bonaparte would talk as kindly to her about it as though it were any other business, she would accede to all his propositions with tears rolling down her cheeks, and at times with her arm around his neck. Can it be possible that there ever was such a man ? Yes, even in these days there are men that would divorce themselves if it were possible to do so with as little cause as Bonaparte had when he gave up Josephine, they would see a woman hang on their bosoms and weep tears of blood if such was possible, and throw her off and leave her for mercenary purposes.

Men are apt to be guided by such motives, more so than women, for there are men that would love a woman as dearly as life almost, and suppress and drive their feelings away, because the women might be poor. Bonaparte wanted glory and the men of our country want money. There are many gentlemen when they are introduced to a lady, the first question asked—is she wealthy ? What is she worth ? They do not ask if she is possessed with talents, or has she amiability, or virtue, or any of these shining qualities that a woman should have ;

but the most simple enquiry is, is she rich? If men of no minds should ask that foolish question it might be excused, but we sometimes hear men of talents make the same enquiry. What a degrading remark for an honorable man; how many have married rich women and in their sides have been thorns that have pierced them as deeply as the apostle Paul's. Riches cannot constitute happiness, when there is nothing congenial between people it is impossible to be happy. The wealth of Peru nor the gold of Ophir could not make a man happy with some women; for instance, take such a man as John Randolph was, and marry him to a woman of no mind and no amiability; let her be as fiery as some women I have met, and what congeniality would there be between them. Mr. Randolph said in a letter to one of his friends at one time, "whatever may be your determination you will not be the less dear to me, nothing can rob me of the pure attachment which I have conceived for you, and which can never cease to animate me."

I think if he had been married to a wife possessing the disposition of some women I have met, he would never have written to her and used such language. His talents were almost unsurpassable, and his disposition fiery and peevish, and a weak-minded simpleton of a woman would set such a man crazy. There are many such dispositions as he had:

Many a man marry for money and destroy themselves forever. Just imagine for a moment of a man of great education to sit down down in his chamber of an evening to spend the time with his wife, as it is what every man should do, let them commence a conversation on subjects that should interest a woman, just listen at her ignorant remarks and simple speeches. Is it a wonder that he becomes disgusted? For all they can say sometimes is yes, and

no ; and if anything more it is quite as simple. Could he expect any more ? He married her because she was rich, and now he is sipping the sweets of ignorance. I have seen men more than mortified at the ignorance of their wives, but they were rich, now let them enjoy it. If Josephine had been one of those rich women the divorce would not have given so much pain to the noble hero of France. When they were divorced Josephine was dressed in all her splendid attire, and Bonaparte in all the honors of his country. What a sight to see a man and woman divorced that loved each other as they did, their hearts were one if they were to be put asunder.

If people do not love, it is perfectly right they should be separated, particularly if they have tried all in their power to live together and find it impossible. Bonaparte was influenced by his subjects, and his own ambition led him to misery. I often imagine I could see him when he arose to address the people of France. He told them he had nothing against Josephine, and spoke of her virtues, but admitted his true interest was for France, and said it was for the good of the nation he acted thus. He then took his seat, she then arose and replied likewise. But her countenance was a shock to the people ; pale and trembling, with tears rolling down her beautiful cheeks, she left the lordly house and returned home, he accompanied her, and that was the last night they ever spent under the same roof together. In the morning she went to his chamber to bid him a final adieu ; he was no longer her husband, he heard her coming and knew not what to do, but thought he would be composed. They had both passed a sleepless night ; when she approached him she threw herself across his bosom, and put her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his,

and in a paroxysm of tears she screamed "O my husband, my dear husband, farewell, farewell, forever; this is the last embrace we must ever have," and he pressed her to his bosom, and imprinted the parting kiss, and she rushed from his chamber and never entered it more. O Bonaparte, was it a wonder that thy kingdom was taken from you and given to another? Josephine went home to her palace, but what pleasure was a palace to her; even the whole world was none. Could she not use the language of Shakspeare and say, "Macbeth has murdered sleep, Macbeth has murdered sleep; why minister to a mind diseased, or try to pluck from the heart rooted sorrow?" Why should we even expose to the eye of friendship the lacerated wounds that no balm can cure like such poor broken-hearted women as Josephine. Bonaparte had said she gained hearts if he gained battles; she that never lost a friend after she gained one; but France was her enemy, her destruction.

He next married Maria Louisa, but did she go with him to Elba when his troubles came? No, she took her young prince and went to her father's. There was the difference in the women, one loved and the other did not; one had principles and the other had none. Was not Maria Louisa a sunshine insect who laughs in days of pleasure, but passed away with the genial season that gave her birth? Had Russia been less courageous Bonaparte would not have met the lonely time on the Island. But as sin is punished, righteousness is never forgotten. Had Josephine lived when that unfortunate hero of France was banished to St. Helena, and she could have gone to him she would have done so, but her health soon failed as all others that meet repulsed love. It was supposed that she was getting ready to go to Bonaparte when she died. He wrote her

two beautiful letters and only two after his banishment. There perhaps he repented of all his blinded folly, then was the time for reflection, but Josephine was all that gave him trouble. Maria Louisa had his hand but never possessed his heart ; he was not alone in giving his hand while his heart was another's. The world is full of such matches, and no wonder that discord and strife prevail as is often the case.

If people would marry for genuine principles and throw away their mercenary motives, how much happiness would be in the world, while darkness and misery is hanging over the face of society. Hapless children of men, when shall light and order pervade the cheerless regions where you dwell ? What power will break the adamantine bars and bring you forth ? When shall the cherub Hope smile on you from heaven, and with a compassionate voice call you to the pleasure of reason, to the delights of immortality ? In the natural course of events your destiny seems hopeless, and no force of words can suitably describe or deplore your case, and your only hope is in omnipotence. Your deliverer must be a being of almighty power, wisdom and goodness, to that being let me commend you to his favor, to his grace, to his everlasting mercy. That I hope Bonaparte found on the lonely Island of St. Helena ; ambition was his destruction. Now we will leave him to rest in peace ; for Josephine we believe is resting in the paradise of God, waving her glittering wings no doubt over the lost lamented Napoleon.

There sleeps he now, alone not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends over his dust, or wife or son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

High is his tomb the ocean flood,
Far, far below the storms is curled,

SLANDER AND ITS VICTIMS.

As round him heaved as high he stood,
A stormy and unstabled world.

Pause here the far off world at last,
Breathes free the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its mitres cast
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark ! there comes from the pyramids,
And from siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills a voice that bids
The world be awed to mourn him now.

The only the perpetual dirge,
That's heard here is the sea birds' cry ;
The mourning mourners of the surge,
The clouds deep voice the winds low sigh.

J. PIERPONT.

I have been dwelling on Bonaparte and Josephine longer than I intended, but the character of the latter often awakens deep feelings in my heart, and as she was a victim of slander she occupied much of my time. I have given different characters that have been slandered, but if I were to pen all, the world would be crowded with books. I will omit all except a few such as I have named. I will speak of a few others, but those I have given are sufficient to satisfy all that slander and enemies are prevailing over the universe, and to banish it there would have to be another deluge. If Noah was living, he would have to commence an ark, and all that were exempt from slander were to get in there would be as few as rested on Mount Ararat at the time of the deluge.

I am afraid Mr. Randolph was also a victim of slander, if my reader remembers the first speech he made to the people at Charlotte court-house, that will show the inconstancy of man. People form ideas that are as erroneous as can be possible, but they often retain them for sometime. Mr. Randolph was such a shining star that he eclipsed the people

directly he threw light over their eyes, his eloquence was great when he reached Charlotte courthouse to make his first speech. The people were astonished, they remarked, "why he is going to speak against old Pat, why old Pat will eat him up bodily; he is nothing but a beardless boy." They did not know that beardless boy as they called him, possessed a band of musicians within. If you remember the swimming dolphin that Lyster had prepared when Queen Elizabeth was to visit him, she had made him Earl and he had a lake fixed around his castle, and this floating boat was fixed in such a way as to hide the musicians within, to sing the lady of the lake, the queen heard the beautiful music but she could not see anything; she knew no place from which it could proceed, but they were hidden in the dolphin until Lyster the earl gratified her curiosity, and told her from whence the sweet music proceeded. She was perfectly astonished, but highly gratified at the ingenuity of man, and no doubt felt herself indebted to Lyster for the honors he had bestowed on her. There is a bird called the dolphin and also a fish, we do not know whether the boat was in the shape of a bird or fish, but it is supposed to have resembled the fish; it has large eyes, and large flat fins ugly as possible and perhaps that is the reason why the Queen expected nothing very superior could be heard from such an ugly looking thing as the floating dolphin. Had it been a floating palace, beautifully decorated externally, then she might have expected something, it might have been beautiful external, and internal might have been as the Saviour describes hypocrites, "whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones, and ravening wolves," but it appears society will never learn what is to their interest until the end of time.

If Mr. Randolph had been a fine-looking, hand-

some man, elegantly dressed, then the people of Charlotte would have expected something great, but his diminutive plain appearance and youth made them think "old Pat" as they called Mr. Henry would eat him up bodily. Is this not the case often, our enemies would be willing to see us eaten up bodily but they get as badly disappointed sometimes as the people of Charlotte did in regard to Mr. Randolph. He possessed a superior mind, his eloquence was almost equal to Demosthenes. He had a band of musicians of the best training, and the music of his speech would have astounded the Queen of England if she could have heard him. He was the insignificant bad-looking little dolphin that no one expected to hear anything of consequence from. But what did they say after they heard him speak in opposition to the grave and eloquent orator Patrick Henry; he that had made the people of Charlotte tremble many times? Mr. Henry was compared by the people to a sinking orb when Randolph sprung up from the night of chaos mounting majestically into his destined sphere, and driving clouds and darkness before his youthful beams. These were the remarks the people of Charlotte court-house made after Mr. Randolph delivered his first speech in opposition to Patrick Henry. What did they think of the beardless youth then? Old Patrick Henry did not have the pleasure of eating him up as quickly as they supposed. Mr. Randolph's enemies no doubt were Patrick Henry's friends, but people should not make up their minds so quickly for fear of being mistaken.

The Saviour has told us not to judge from appearances for God knoweth the heart, make clean the inside and the outside will be clean also. Mr. Randolph was clean inside and the outside was easily polished, after he became older his beard grew as it

may be natural to suppose, and no doubt gave him a heap of trouble to shave it off as a long beard was not so fashionable then as it is now. Randolph cared nothing for his enemies for he had them in abundance, and slander reigned as profusely as it does now; for Walcott tried together with Pickering to set Washington against him. I admire the bold and honorable manner in which Randolph spoke of his enemies, he said I can sustain with composure and even with indifference, the rancorous hatred of the numerous enemies whom it has been my lot to make in the course of my unprosperous life, but I have not steeled myself to endure the contemptuous pity of those high-minded people some of them were caterpillar-butterflies, no doubt.

Are there not many that would use the same language in regard to their enemies, he was so much their superior that hatred and envy sprang up as fiercely as did the envy of old Queen Elizabeth against her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots. And if the people of America possessed the power that Queen Elizabeth did, there would be many Marys imprisoned and beheaded; but thank God they have not the power, there is but one weapon they can use to injure each other, that is their poisonous tongues, and though they slay hundreds by that weapon it is only to a certain extent of the body, but we have it in our power to resuscitate after awhile, although it may take a long while to accomplish it. After a person has been very ill, they become very much exhausted and death-like, it is some time before they revive, but after the disease has been removed the individuals become themselves again. Let me say to those that have met the rancorous hatred of the tiger, lion or serpent in the slanderer they will fall into that gulf which divides Dives from Lazarus, and grows daily and hourly

broad, deeper and more appalling, unless the hand of the Almighty arrests them speedily, which I hope he may.

Mr. Randolph's character is to be very much admired although he was not exempt from faults but he had many noble qualities, and he was not to be driven about by every wind of doctrine. Mr. Henry went up to Randolph after he had delivered his first speech took him by the hand, and said, "My friend Randolph, keep truth and keep justice, and you will live to think differently." But Randolph never thought differently he was a man of character and firmness, his politics were the same, he became in love at one time and never loved afterwards. It is said that people love according to their minds, if they possess a great mind, they love ardently, and it is never entirely erased; a person of mind would never become in love with a person of inferior quality. Randolph adored the angelic Miss Journ, they were never married but she might have reciprocated his attachments, although we do not learn from history that she did; but I am very much of the opinion of the writer who said people loved according to their mind. They do not possess such minds as make love a pastime, such were never Randolph's. Those that can transfer their affections are as insignificant as a small humming-bird that lights from flower to flower, sipping their sweets but rests on none long enough to find the genuine nectar. It might be left for some bird of more substantial qualities; the bird that can analyze the different parts of the flower, and that may be aware of the sweetness of every part of it. It is not likely that bird will leave one sweet flower for all others in the garden, it has analyzed it thoroughly, and is aware of the different properties of every blossom on the bush.

but some others might surpass, it after awhile it might lose some of its sweetness. The sun may fade its leaves but it has been a genuine flower, and the bird that was capable of discrimination found it out, and there it will linger over that faded bush after its flowers may be gone. It was that kind of love Randolph experienced and a great pity it was he had the power of analyzing the woman, then to be repulsed. She possessed the qualities that he admired; he loved her forever as long as she lived, even after she married.

If people only possessed firmness and decision of character how much better it would be, for it is the beauty of both masculine and feminine gender when we meet people who possess such minds and hearts as Randolph had; they may expect to have enemies and they will catch a breeze of the poison of slander, but as Decius said, "I want to crush that anti-federal champion, the cunning and deceitful Cromwell," he wanted to reign the tyrant of popularity over his own devoted Virginia.

Slander does not want to reign tyrant over one state only, but over every state in the union and even the world over, and may we not crush such a Cromwell? Yes, the pen or language to crush him should receive a great premium, much greater than the gold medal that was presented to General Greene on the surrender of the British at Saratoga. But I fear no gold medals will be purchased quickly.

There is a portion of society that have taken the leap in the dark in matrimony, and have been compelled to leave their cruel companions. Such a class of persons we have in every community in the world, but in no part of the world do they meet the same pressure of slander from their unfortunate positions as in our own country. There are many different causes for unfortunate marriages, but the

greatest is youth. Children being left orphans, particularly girls who have no kind friends, they are more apt to think of getting married quickly. Necessity almost compels them, and not being able to judge correctly of characters, they often make unhappy marriages. Some men do not use discrimination in choosing a wife; they meet a lady and are prepossessed in her favor, they fall desperately in love, as some say, but I believe in love differently from the most of persons. Love for merit is my motto, and nothing else; but gentlemen will differ with me, as beauty and wealth is the attractions with them; and that being the case we do not wonder at meeting what is termed grass widows. I do not know where the foolish word sprang from, but it is often used. When men are compelled to leave their wives their homes become a whirlpool of destruction; some women are very fiery, and men are compelled to leave them.

There are many women that transform themselves as the devil did once into an angel of light when their intended husbands are addressing them, but after they are married their true characters come forth. If a man leaves his wife, he is a low, mean fellow with some persons. O ye heartless creatures, cast the beam out of your own eye, then you will be a better judge of the mote. The slanderer will then commence to speak of his wife, "she was as fine a woman as ever lived; she could barely get clothes on her children, or food to eat, a drunken fellow," you will hear them say. Perhaps she drove him to drinking by her tongue; now we will turn to the separated woman. We are told to look before we leap, but when a girl is left without father or mother, and have unkind relations to combat with, their cruel conduct often hurries them on to take the dreadful leap.

A lady may have merit, and a gentlemen to all appearances, the southern people pretend to be so aristocratic; he may have sprang from one of the families of the F. F. V.; the motto which is degrading to all. The young orphan girl may have married her noble husband, possessing, as she supposed, merit. But after a little time he may commence to treat her badly, become inconstant, and persist in such degrading conduct, fearless and careless of wife or relatives. She might after submitting to his cruel treatment for many years be tempted to leave him, but a woman of good sense will bear a great deal before she gives him up. But suppose he should grow worse and worse, and make his wife sleep in the kitchen among his servants; or he may have driven her out in freezing weather and locked the door, and left his own house so as to punish her. He may have made his horses rear up in the carriage to frighten her, and make her jump out so that she might have broken her neck, and afterwards to tell her he done it thinking she might have been killed. And after inflicting all kinds of bad treatment on her in every shape, manner and form, at times treating her as though she was one of his servants. Would any reasonable being blame a woman for leaving such a man? No one but such as I have described the slanderer or libertine husband to be; they may expect a wife to bear all such conduct and not resent it in the least; she may if she is some stupid half idiot of a woman, but no intelligent woman will submit to such conduct forever.

She may dislike to give up her children and property, and throw herself in poverty on an unfeeling world, but at last she will make up her mind to leave him, and if it is a disgrace bear it like Ruth. She seeks her living in a strange land, she may

meet some friend who may induce her to say "Where thou goest I will go, where thou diest I will die; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." She may have left all the comforts of a luxurious home, and may then be in a strange land in poverty and distress, but does her keen suffering repel the force of slander? No, no, she may live the life of a hermit, and they will seek her, and with all the fury of a serpent hiss at her. At other times they may approach her as a friend in that distressed condition, and as Shakspeare says, "There are often daggers under men's smiles." I think it is oftener the case with women, they may smile and smile and be anything else than a lady, for they have betrayed each other oftener than men.

I have known women to tell ridiculous falsehoods on such as were in the situation I have described; and the woman that fabricated the falsehood had never seen the woman she was trying to injure. Is it not a wonder that heaven does not strike such wicked mortals into eternity? The woman I have described in that situation may possess the virtue of Dido or Lucretia or any woman that ever lived; but her own sex are the first to accuse her, she may as well be standing under Mount *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* for safety, the heated balls of the slanderer are all the time pouring from their craters as rapidly as either of those burning mountains that are all the time in commotion. If the shower of balls from the mountains would not hurt us more than the slanderer, we could dwell with more safety near those distressing places of eruption, than dwell near the slanderer, the victim is sure to be injured, if not altogether consumed.

If they were to fly as *Gustavus Vasa* did, and hide in disguise in the mines of *Dalecalia*, and there labor for daily bread they would find them,

even there we might ~~not~~ try to escape our enemies as Caius Marius did when he tried to fly from the people of Rome ; but they would find us in mud up to our chin as he was found, then put the halter around the neck and sent back to prison.

But all we can do when people suppress and keep us down, rise up, and say as he did to the Cimbrian slave that the governor sent to the prison to kill him, Marius spoke with a loud voice and said to the slave, "have you the presumption to kill Caius Marius," the slave threw down his sword and rushed from the room crying out that he had found it impossible to kill him. The Governor gave Marius his liberty and by his bravery he got it, he then landed in Africa near Carthage, he said to a messenger at one time "go, tell your master that you have seen Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage." Are there not many unfortunate persons sitting among the ruins of Carthage, the slanderer may come on such as sit there, but rise up with the same spirit as Marius and say, "Do you have the presumption to kill or slander Marius your superior?" The slanderer may be the low, degraded caterpillar-butterfly. "Would you attempt to raise the voice of slander against the true and genuine butterfly, but because my wings have been broken, you treat me thus." Let the crippled butterfly wait patiently, for the wound to be healed, then speak to the Cambrian slave, the slanderer, "Would you have the audacity to approach a genuine butterfly that is and ever shall be your superior, one that sprang from the emperor," the butterfly that takes the highest flight of any insect. Mr. Haworth the great Etymologist, describes it as being the most beautiful of all its species ; it is said they are more calculated for that gay and powerful flight which is so much admired. The woman that may have met the misfortune

of being compelled to leave a tyrannizing husband may be the one that is pure and genuine. She may possess the value of a diamond, as it said they shine brighter in the dark, but the slanderer may find her and try to injure her.

It is the beautiful butterfly that is called the purple emperor has been seen mounting higher than the eyes can follow, it commences its flight from ten o'clock to twelve in the morning, but does not perform its loftiest flight until noon. There has been instances of their setting near puddles of water and being taken there. They are very bold and fearless and will not move from their setting place, they will even suffer you to strike them again and again. So it is with a person of such qualities as I have described, you may drive them near muddy water, poverty or misfortunes can not cause them to give up, you may hurt them but you will gain nothing. You should go to the Bentia Crategi the black winged butterfly that sprang from the yellowish hairy caterpillar or the painted lady or the peacock, they may move when the slanderer strikes their fangs into the object, you should find out whether they sprang from the emperor or not before you strike, for there you can never conquer.

If a woman in the unfortunate situation I have described possesses any of the beauty of Cleopatra, she had better get an asp and apply it to her breast and sit and look at it suck away the fountain of life, and go quickly into another world, for if she does not her enemies are preparing the asps and applying them in other ways more insidious. O woman you that have usurped the power of the noble butterfly that is here described, that have soared so high above the small low ones of your sex, if you are humbled now do not give up, remember the same hand is over you, and if you are thrown into

the den of lions, their jaws will be clinched, or if you are thrown into the fiery furnace the Angel of God will be with you and quench the fires. What does David say about his enemies? "I will fear not what man do unto me for God is my helper." What does Job say, "though he slay me, I will put my trust in him." If we are true christians God will deliver us at a future day, make up your minds that the ruins of Carthage nor anything shall humble you, if you are innocent God will bring you out victorious; the heated balls of burning lava that pours from the different craters will after awhile be suppressed. I will close the subject on slander, and give the slanderer time to repent, and hope and pray they may.

In a few months I will try and have out a work written on a subject that I hope will interest the public, and I hope the slanderer will remember that we have all been made by the Great Architect who in six days made the earth and all things therein. We must shine forth as one of the jewels of the Prince of Peace, or be forever lost amid the gloom of a world of darkness for ever and forever.

My God deliver me from those
That are mine enemies,
And do thou me defend from those
That work iniquity ;
And give me safety from the men
Of bloody cruelty.

For lo ! they for my soul lay wait,
The mighty do combine
Against me, Lord, not for my fault
Nor any sin of mine.
They run and without any fault in me
Themselves do ready make,
Awake to meet me with thy help
And do thou notice take.

Awake, therefore, Lord God of hosts,
Thou God of Israel

To visit heathen all spare not
That wickedly rebel;
At evening they go to and fro
They make great noise and sound,
Like a dog and often walk
About the city round.

DEATH.

DEATH what is death! it is something we have all heard of ever since we came into existence. But have we ever given the subject a thought, if we have not it is time that we had commenced to think of death and its consequence. You know the Saviour compared death to sleep, when Martha told him her brother was dead, he said, "he sleepeth." We know what sleep is, in sleep a stupor of feeling the mind sinks into unconsciousness, true the spirit does not fly from the body; but the time will come when the spirit will take its flight into the spirit world, we shall sleep the same deathly sleep that Lazarus did, when Martha said he was dead. Oh! what honor is in that word, it is shrouded in darkness, have my readers ever tried to analyze that awful word, death? have we ever thought rightly on this subject. Some persons have an idea, we are annihilated. Is it not an unsound doctrine? it will not bear examination; for the Bible says, "the soul must live forever either in a place of happiness or misery." It cannot be possible that people in this christian land can maintain such false ideas of the soul, as its annihilation. There are others of various opinions of the future. Some believe there is no God, that all things sprang into existence of

themselves, and that we are a part of that creation that came merely by chance, and that we will also pass away, as the vegetation of the earth, or lie as the grass or leaves, crumbled into dust, no spirit nothing to remain after the breath leaves the body: but such ideas are only for the moment. I cannot conceive how an intelligent mind can cultivate such erroneous ideas, but at times we see persons of superior talents advance these ideas, and it is the more astounding for an enlightened mind to indicate such a false doctrine; such persons may have heard of death, and seen its effects, but their judgment has never been exercised, or they would no longer hold to such a slender foundation, it will do to pass through the world; with, but it is like the house that was built on the sand, when the winds and rains came, and beat upon it, it fell, and great was the fall thereof, it had no foundation; but the house that was built upon the rock, stood the beating rains, and blustering winds because its foundation was fast bound to the rock, no storms, no winds could move nor even shake the foundation of such a house. But the doctrine of all nature springing into existence itself, is truly absurd, and when those persons who have cultivated such false ideas, come to sleep the long sleep of death, when they pass off this stage of action, will find they have been created by a hand that made heaven and earth and all therein, such false ideas must crumble into dust, for there is neither root nor branches to it.

There are persons of other ideas of death, those that profess to believe that all will be saved, none lost, I beg a little indulgence from those persons who are holding out such doctrines; for if all are to be saved why did the Saviour say, "come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I

will give you rest," also, "come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved," for I am God and there are none else. If all were to be saved why did he extend that invitation, he must have known they would be saved any way, and never given the call to come unto him. It is not natural to suppose he would have extended the call for invitation, if we knew a person was coming to see us, they have sent word the day before, even the hour they have specified, what would they think if we were to send them an earnest invitation to come, when they knew we were aware of their intention; why you would say, what does this mean I cannot understand this, they knew I was going, what was the use of writing such a note; just such inconsistency would have been in the Saviour's call to the ends of the earth; if all are to be saved, there was no necessity of his coming into the world and dying on the cross.

Such ideas are often imbibed without any serious thought, the future has been kept in the distance in imagination, therefore incorrect ideas have crept in and such as are derogatory to the Bible, for it distinctly says that, "all nations who forget God shall be turned into hell." Hell is not, as I once thought a mere place composed of fire and brimstone, but a place where the wicked are punished with far greater severity than they would be if it was actually composed of the before-mentioned articles. Their conscience, that mighty tormentor, will punish them day and night without ceasing, and they would in their agony find fire and brimstone a relief to their troubled souls. If my readers have never thought of death, it is time they had, for sooner or later the long and dismal sleep will overtake us, and if not prepared as the gospel teaches us we shall be lost.

The bible tells us, we must be born again or we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. What are your ideas of being born again? You know Nicodemus was very much puzzled about the second birth, but he had it explained very satisfactorily; our sinful hearts must be changed, we must feel sorrow for sinning and beg God to forgive us, and he has promised to forgive all that ask it of him in faith; faith must be exercised and doubt take its flight, for he says, ask in faith nothing doubting and we shall receive. This kind of preparation can fit us to calmly face death.

What does the apostle Paul say about charity, if we give our goods to feed the poor, and our bodies to be burned, and have not charity, we are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. What does charity consist of, you may never turn from your door the needy applicant, and you may give liberally to all the benevolent institutions, and still not have pure, undefiled charity. Charity envyeth not, is not puffed up, beareth long, doth not behave itself unseemingly. How many come up to what the apostle has marked out.

I fancy I am standing by the bedside of one that has had charity, and when the hour arrived for him to pass over the dark river, how cheerfully and hopefully does he bid adieu to all things here below, no hatred is there nothing but love to his God, and charity towards all men. And now change the scene, and go to the death-bed of one who in health had no charity, or to the side of a false doctor, who is now to enter the untried dark portals of death. Ah? where now their ostentatious charity, or their false doctrines, they are wafted away like chaff before the wind, there is no strength in them, and they cry aloud to God to have mercy upon them. Upon one occasion the celebrated Whitfield was

speaking he called out in a loud voice, "Father Abraham who have up there in heaven? Have you any Baptists there? No, we have no Baptists. Have you any Methodists there? No, we have no Methodists. Have you any Episcopalians or Presbyterian there? No. Well who have you in heaven? Oh, we have christians here, those that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb." Then God help us all to be christians in deed and truth, not such as say I thank God I am not as others. When the final day shall come there will be many I am afraid who will have no roll in their hands; as Christian describes the man looking over the gate of Heaven, when asked for his roll, he felt in his bosom, but could not find it; and then he was ordered to be bound hand and foot and cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Some of these who are thus turned from the gate of Heaven are the teachers of false doctrines.

Let us now see how the christian comes on; he has kept his roll, persecution, poverty, affliction, nothing could induce him to part with it, and he is now on the brink of the river divesting himself of his earthly clothing, preparing to cross over. Perhaps it is a father or mother who are about to leave a family to the cold charity of an unfeeling world, but they gird up their faith in the promises of their Lord and Master, for he has promised that he will be a father unto the fatherless, and a husband unto the widow. Ah! but the tempter even in that last hour, tries to shake his faith, and weaken his courage by whispering, don't you know what a dark and dismal road you must go, with danger besetting every step; but the christian cries aloud, get thee behind me Satan, I will trust in the Lord my God,

his rod and staff they shall comfort me. And with faith growing brighter, as his time shortens on earth, he at last calmly and hopefully passes away; and on the other side he is met at the gate, he shows his roll, and he is led in by bands of those who have washed their robes and made them white as snow, singing praises unto Him who hath washed us in His own blood, and made us meet for the kingdom of Heaven, and a crown of glory is placed on his head, and a harp is given him, and a new song is put in his mouth, and he sings praises unto the Lamb forever and ever.

Behold the glories of the lamb
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepared new honors for his name
And songs before unknown.
Low elders worship at his feet,
The church adores around;
With vials full of odors rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.

These odors are the prayers of saints,
These sounds the hymns they raise;
God bends his ear to their requests,
He loves to hear their praise.
Who shall the Father's records search
And hidden thing reveal,
Behold the son that record takes,
And opens every seal.

Hark! how the adoring hosts above
With songs surround the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their hearts are one.
Worthy the lamb that died they cry,
To be exalted thus,
Worthy the lamb let us reply
For he was slain for us.

THE END OF THE CHRISTIAN.

THE RESURRECTION.

My mind has been led to dwell seriously on the resurrection morning, it is a subject that is deep and unfathomable; but however illiterate we may be, we are all entitled to our opinions of everything we see and hear, and my ideas may differ very much from some others. But I am led to write a short sketch on this subject, hoping and praying some idea may strike the mind of some one and do them good. We have read, at the close of the Sabbath, as it begun to dawn towards the first day of the week came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre. Those pious women had been with Jesus, and had seen many miracles performed, and Mary Magdalene more particularly had a right to love her Lord and master, for she must have been a great sinner, to have had seven devils cast out of her; but after he had cast out those wicked spirits, no doubt she became very pious. She felt that her master had done very much for her, her heart must have risen in aspirations of praise to the holy one of Israel, she that had been possessed with those wicked spirits, now was delivered, and made a new creature in Christ Jesus. We may follow her on many occasions, attending her Lord and Saviour, she at one time bathed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head. O, what love what genuine affection she must have been inspired with, but do we wonder, no we cannot think strangely of her love for God, his character was such as to inspire not only Mary Mag-

dalene with love and deep humility, but it should inspire every woman and man, that possesses a thinking mind to act just as she did. We have not the real body to worship, as those women had, we have the spirit to worship one that we know has created us, and suffered and died on the cross that we might be saved through his blood.

I have often imagined I could see Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus, how humble she must have felt, but when she cast her eyes up and beheld his radiant countenance looking so meekly on her how happy she must have been, for we all know every person of a very amiable disposition expresses in their physiognomy, internal feelings of the mind. No doubt the Saviour loved Mary, for her kind feelings towards him. Just as we obey his commandments, and love him the same, compassion is extended towards us, for God is love in every sense of the word, those women that had been with our Savior in prosperity, they did not forsake him in adversity. When he rode into Jerusalem the people spread their garments in the way, and branches of trees were cut and strewn about, and the multitude were crying, "Hosanna, to the son of David, blessed is he that cometh in them name of the Lord. Hosanna, in the highest." And all the city was moved, saying, who is this? Those were days of prosperity with our Redeemer, he had not come to his greatest persecutions.

When I can get my mind to dwell on the sufferings of my Saviour, troubles and persecutions glide swiftly by, but unless we turn our hearts to his tortures, we are apt to think we suffer more than our share. It is natural in nature to feel we are suppressed and tortured. So some are, the world is large and the population is immense, and it is natural to suppose some will have to travel the rough

road through life. Christian had a critical time when he sat out to reach the heavenly land, his wife and children thought he was crazy, that he would never reach the port he had started for, but he did not listen to their advice, though there were dark and dismal places to pass through he never wavered, but pressed onward and upward through the dungeons and slough of despond, and by lions and all dark places until he came down to the deep river of Jordan. He went over with the words on his lips, "I feel the bottom we will soon be over."

Thus you see how prone we are to give up when troubles come, as Peter when the Saviour was to be crucified he had promised he would never forsake him, these were the days of adversity with our blessed Jesus, he that could have dwelt in glory with all the angelic crowd, took upon himself the form of man and came into the world to suffer and die on the cross for sinners that we may be saved through his death. I say, how many real friends do we find when adversity comes, in the days of prosperity. All are friends, it is one of the most satisfactory travels a person can take, to pass through both scenes in life, then we have a proper knowledge of human nature. Friends that are only friends in prosperity, are not worth our attention, give me the friend that will go through adversity, what did our blessed Lord say, "though ye pass through the waters, they shall not overflow you, and through the fire, ye shall not be consumed." Suppose he was to forsake us, when we do not live as near the cross as we should, what would become of a large portion of the world, but man is wicked by nature, and nothing but the grace of God can cause him to act the christian.

I have been speaking of adversity and prosperity, how natural for persons to forget those that have

met the dark day, but the Saviour passed through it all, and those women did not forsake him. I have often thought had such women been with the Saviour the night he was taken to be crucified, do we not suppose that they would have watched much better than Peter and Zebedee's sons ; for when they were requested to watch they fell asleep, what thoughtless persons they must have been. Is it natural to suppose that if any one of us were sitting over a beloved companion or child, and expecting to see them draw their last breath, would we fall asleep ? O no, I think the heart-rending scene would drive far away our drowsy feelings ; but if these unfeeling men could not watch for a short time what must have been the anguish of our blessed Lord when he came back the second time and found them sleeping. Ah ! he had been crying, " Father if it be thy will let this cup pass from me, but not my will but thine be done ; " great drops of sweat rolled from his face. I fancy I see his sufferings, what torture, what pain he must have endured ; he had only made a slight request of his disciples, " Sit ye here and watch awhile, I go yonder and pray." Did they do what he had requested ? No ; they fell asleep twice, and when they awoke it was too late, Judas with his kiss had done the awful deed. How many are there now sleeping in sin just as the disciples slept in the garden of Gethsemane until it will be too late ? Nothing can awaken them until the cold hand of death will plunge them into the spirit world, when they will be aroused from their deep slumber, but it will be too late, they will be lost forever, gone to eternal misery. Awake, awake, ye sleeping souls that are resting on slippery rocks, while there are gulfs of dismal waters running just beneath you, and one nap on the side of the rock, with the least slide to the right or left, will plunge

you forever where hope nor mercy can never reach your awful cries, the Saviour may say, "sleep on now and take your rest, it is too late." Ah ! rest, what kind of rest will the sinner enjoy ? I am thinking it will be rest not at all desirable, the rest of the lost in perdition is a sorrowful thought.

I was saying if those pious women had been on the watch instead of Peter and Zebedee's sons, I think they would have kept from sleep ; but as women are of the weaker sex they are considered exempt from such exposure, as sitting out at night, or travelling through any kind of danger whatever. But they are often more courageous than men. How awful those christian women must have felt when the news reached their ears that their Lord and master was to be crucified ; and if the disciples had not slept he might have been saved. But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled ? Thus it must be. The awful time is approaching for him to be suspended between heaven and earth. O what a sight to see an innocent man nailed hand and foot to the rugged cross ; see his tender hands pierced with rough nails, hands that had only been doing good ever since he came on earth ; now see them piercing his sides ; see the red gore gush from that innocent man, what a sight ; what awe must have filled the hearts of his disciples. Oh Mary, there she stands afar off looking on her blessed Lord, she that had washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair, now they are washed in his own blood. What feelings they must have had, but as they viewed him on the cross, they believed he would rise again, for he had told them so, and he had been so lovely his veracity was never doubted. Ah ! with what patience must they have waited for the third day. In the morning we see those two women rising from their beds and swiftly making

their way to the sepulchre. What do they behold after reaching the tomb? It was before the dawn of morning, but darkness did not deter them from visiting the tomb of the one they loved so much. They believed all he said about rising the third day, and they must have felt their hearts buoyed up by faith every step they took. And behold when they reached the sepulchre there was a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord had descended from heaven and rolled back the stone and sat upon it. With what rapture must they have beheld the sight. What would persons think to see women going to a grave-yard so early in the morning in these days? They would think strangely no doubt, but those christian women did not doubt the resurrection; they felt a spirit within them telling them he would rise at the identical period he had appointed. Their faith was unshaken.

I fancy I see those two women looking at the angel with fear and astonishment, still they believed. If the keepers were so much affrighted, we may suppose women were a little astounded; but the bible does not say they were, it is a conjecture of our own. If the same was to take place in any way now, it is reasonable to suppose we should feel strangely from the manner in which the angel addressed those women "fear not," there must have been something in their countenances that denoted fear. "For I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified, he is not here, for he is risen as he said, come and see the place where the Lord lay." What must have been their joy to have met their blessed Lord as they were going with all speed to inform his disciples that he had risen. What rapture they must have enjoyed when his well-known voice fell on their ears "all hail!" Well might they have held him by the feet and worshiped him; how their throbbing hearts must have beaten.

When any circumstance occurs that surprises us we are in great ecstasy, but this was a surprise of a different character from any they had ever met with. Let us imagine ourselves just as those two women there were. No men to fly to, they were alone, and it appears as though our Saviour thought they would fear him, for he said, "Be not afraid, go tell my brethern, if they they go into Galilee there they shall see me." Mary Magdalene loved the Saviour very much, as no doubt those persons do that are great sinners when their sins are pardoned, they do appear to feel more real joy than a person that have lived a moral life. Just so it was with Mary. She felt that there had been much done for her by her Lord and master, nothing she could ever do would be too much for him.

O that the holy spirit may give us just such hearts as those women possessed, to follow our blessed Jesus to the cross and then to the sepulchre. Then where shall we follow him? The next step where? O where will it be, across the chilling stream of death, down into the tomb will our bodies go, but if we are true christians our souls will waft across the dark river of Jordan; then we shall tread the shores of the New Jerusalem forever and forever.

He arose the third day and ascended to heaven, and there all power is given him over earth, and heaven, and hell. All nature is in subjection unto him, and he said "go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Those were near his last words: "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." How beautifully he addressed himself to his disciples for the last time, his language was so impressive, they could not resist his last words, they did go and preach the gospel, and many hundreds and thou-

sands of souls have been converted to the truths he kept on record, and although eighteen hundred years have flown, the glad tidings are flowing from the same fountain, it is one whose waters are pure and unpregnated with any substance that can cause it to be loathsome. There are no quicksands near this fountain to cause it to give way ; it is gushing with all the velocity of high heaven, and nothing can repel its force, and thank God for such a fountain, that whilst its waters are running we have hope of seeing our friends and relatives converted to its truths, for which we should ever continue to pray.

Behold the Saviour on the cross,
 A spectacle of woe ;
 See from his agonizing wounds
 The blood incessant flow,
 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheeks,
 And trembling lips were spread,
 Till light forsook his closing eyes,
 And life his drooping head.

'Tis finished ! all his groans are past,
 His blood, his pain, and toils,
 Have fully vanquished our foes
 And crown'd him with their spoils.
 'Tis finished ! legal worship ends
 And gospel ages run,
 All old things now are past away,
 And a new world began.

THE JUDGMENT.

THE judgment day or hour when Christ shall descend from heaven is a serious thought, and solemn as death, it is a terrific subject, one that fills our hearts with fear and trembling. The judgment it appears, all we do and say, even our thoughts are noted down by God himself, while we are in this world, and the day he shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him will be a terrific sight; then shall he sit upon his throne, and before him shall be gathered all nations of the earth. O! what a sight, have we all considered the awful moment of the scene. We may be as the bible represents at the time it may take place, some marrying others merchandising, others tilling the ground, looking forward to a plentiful harvest, all kinds of manufacturing going on, the whole world busily employed, the day of judgment is the least of their thoughts; but all at once we will stop, what cloud is that rising in the east, it is very dark and dismal looking, more so than any I have ever noticed; but they go on, the cloud is growing darker and darker, all at once, all are looking. What a strange appearance all nature seems to have, we have seen many clouds rising, and have seen the electric fluid discharge itself from one cloud into another, but nothing ever looked as this does, but directly I feel the earth tremble, what a mighty shaking. We are all engaged at our daily employments, but the consternation now becomes more visible, these are strange occurrences. We all know how people talk

when anything is remarkable, particularly in the heavens, even the comets, it is supposed there were less than thirty which make us occasional visits, but now there more than one hundred, although astronomy has taught us their movements, but still there are persons that fear a comet. But the cloud that shall visit the earth at the judgment will be different from a comet.

I was speaking of the great consternation of the moment, no doubt all creation will be at that moment thinking of the same subject, for the cloud that has risen, and the shaking and trembling of the earth has aroused every one, all are trying to know the cause of such consternation, but we hear some say that have more discrimination than others and perhaps have read their bibles more, they will say, we know what all this means, it is the judgment day. Oh! what depressed stricken countenances, we are not ready, this is not expected just now. But does it not being expected deter the Son of God? No the hour has arrived, the sun begins to darken, and the moon does not give her light. Oh! the stars are falling, and all the powers of heaven are shaking, what are the feelings of all the world. All for the first time partake of the same thought. When the cloud first appeared we did not know the cause of such peculiar occurrences, but what do we now behold? Here comes the son of man and all his holy angels just as he has told us, here he is, what grandeur. O, what angelic brightness his splendor is dazzling to earth itself; his countenance bears the brightness of the sun, and those angels are also most beautiful, what a sight; the earth shaking, the sun is darkened, and the moon refuses to give her light, the stars are falling, the mountains and hills are moving out of their places. What now? Directly we hear Ga-

briel, Ah! he has arrived? Yes here he is with the trumpet. He blows. O! what a noise, the crushing of millions of worlds together would not be louder, he blows again, what do we now behold? The grave-yards, the world over will be bursting tombs, that have been made of rock and all the most flinty substances, give way to that call. Come forth ye nations of the earth. The sea commences rolling up her millions, what a sight. Great God have we ever thought of the day of judgment, if we have never given our hearts to the subject, let us all commence from this moment.

It appears that the judgment will be on this earth, and we cannot depict in our minds the exact position He will fill, for we do not know where the throne will be; He speaks of descending to earth, and sitting on a great white throne, now the book is opened all things that have been done in darkness are revealed, but to some persons the meaning is quite incomprehensible, describing the throne. The judgment will take place surely, it makes but little difference where, so we are prepared for the examination; we all know how criminals look in this world when they are arraigned before the bar of justice, the judge of man is only mortal, but suppose it is one that has been guilty of murder, how anxiously he waits for the decision of the judge; but if he is condemned to death, what are his feelings then? Just such feelings will be exercised at the day of final separation. The bible tells us we shall hear moans on that day, they generally arise from unquiet feelings, and we may suppose the Saviour's appearance will not be at all congenial with those persons who are so tenacious to earth, they that have hoarded up wealth and saying to themselves, soul take thine ease and enjoy the good things of life, but the Son of God has come as a

thief in the night on such as have used these words, and although they may have pulled down old barns and put up new ones, they have no time now to enjoy these goods. Poor, penurious souls now must meet the judgment, we read, they will come from the four winds of heaven, here they are coming, now think of the number.

As I have been passing down the street I have seen orphans marching in ranks, dressed all alike in their blue dresses and white aprons, they have often reminded me of the sleeping millions of earth when the trumpet shall be blown, and the dead arise. It will only be a short time as it is natural to suppose. The Saviour will have to draw the distinction between the sheep and the goats; he has said the sheep are to go on his right hand, while the goats are to be placed on the left. What a thought, on the left. Every person knows the difference between goats and sheep. The sheep are mild and innocent, while goats are spiteful and revengeful. Now they are separated, my mind is completely absorbed while thinking of that moment. O, how many then will be wishing they were sheep, ye wicked, spiteful, lying goats. Then what will our blessed Lord say, the line will be drawn, the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left. Then he will speak to them on his right hand, "come, poor innocent lambs of my fold, that have borne the heat and burden of the day." O! what sweetness in that expression, no doubt he will be looking smiling on the sheep, they with all their power will reciprocate that precious smile and word. "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat." The righteous will answer him, "Lord when saw we thee in such distress." But he then will explain to them. "In-

asmuch as ye did those things unto one of the least of my brethren, ye did them unto me." Then the righteous will be taken up higher, yes, they are all to go through the pearly gate of heaven, it is indescribable, we may have a feint idea but it has never entered the hearts of man. God help us every one to try and be placed among the sheep at the last day, there are many in this world that will say, "Lord, Lord, we have eaten and drunken in thy name;" but he will say, "depart ye accursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." What an awful pronounciation on mankind, but all that are lost will be those who have sinned against light and knowledge.

We have the bible for our guide, we have ministers of the gospel who warn us against those times of trouble; it is falling on our ears all the while, "repent or ye shall all likewise perish; come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." After all the expostulations of pious friends, and all that can be done, then, if we are lost our friends that are saved will say, amen, amen, to your destruction. You knew your duty, but you did it not; many were the prayers and tears that were offered for you, but you heeded not the calls of mercy. What a solemn hour to see friends parted forever, here may be a beloved mother that may have entreated her daughter to forsake her sins, but she would not, then the daughter may look across to the sheep. there stands her mother, what are her feelings? They must see each other for the last time, what awful sensations. Perhaps a wife may be looking at the husband that she has been bound so closely to in this world, but what now? They are parted forever, forever. Never to behold that countenance again. Perhaps a sister or a brother, all parted. Then we will see them take their march,

the sheep will be going off at the right hand, and their leader will be God himself. All things will be closed up forever, the wicked will be driven on the left hand, when they take their march how painful they will look, no smiles will deck their brows, but horror will be depicted on every countenance, then they will say, we are lost forever.

May the slanderer and every sinner on earth become a christian before the great and awful day of judgment. May God in his goodness and mercy incline our hearts to live such lives in this world that we may be recognized and received by our blessed Lord, and placed on the right hand among the sheep at the last day, may none be driven on the left with the goats is my prayer.

The chariot, the chariot its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire,
To self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud;
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

The glory, the glory around him are poured,
Mighty host of the angels that wait on the Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet, the trumpet the dead have all heard,
Lo ! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred,
From the sea, from the earth, from the south from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment, the judgment the thrones are all set,
Where the lamb and the white vested elders are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

O ! mercy ! O ! mercy ! look down from above,
Great Creator on us thy sad children with love,
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

